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BRAZIL'S SHOWCASE FOLDS
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MAYOR DALEY'S BANKER
CHARLES J. LEWIS
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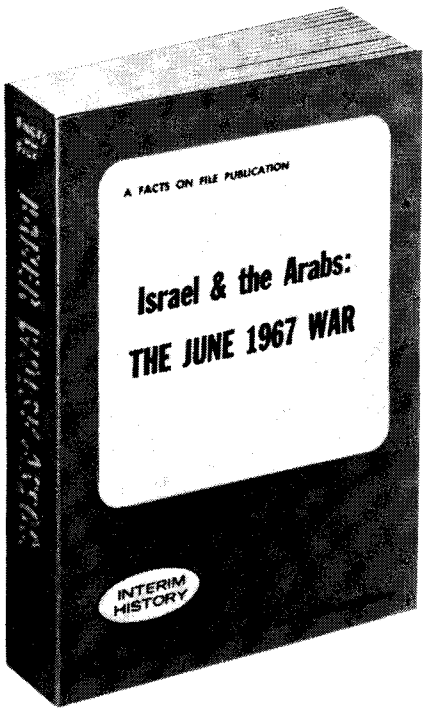

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NEWS AND VIEWS

William S. Gaud, head of the U.S. foreign aid program, was hardly understating when he said recently that the U.S. was "doing badly" in helping developing countries meet their problems.

A booklet of the Organization for Economic Cooperation and Development pinpoints precisely how badly.

Statistics: Facts About Resource Flows to Developing Countries places the U.S. a low seventh, even with the United Kingdom, in the percentage of national income devoted to official aid. U.S. liberality is pegged at 0.57 percent, below Portugal (1.23), France (1.02), Australia (0.79), Belgium (0.65) Netherlands (0.62), Germany (0.60).

But, you say, think of the private aid which flows from foundations, relief agencies, etc., to complement federal aid programs; surely that must raise the percentage of U.S. aid to developing countries.

It does—to 0.85 percent.

And 0.85 percent leaves the U.S. tenth among nations in combined official and private aid to developing countries. Here Portugal again ranks first, with 2.06 percent. Following are France (1.64), Germany (1.26), Netherlands (1.24), United Kingdom (1.01), Belgium (1.00), Japan (0.95), Switzerland (0.93) and Australia (0.86).

None of the percentages is one in which any nation can take particular pride. Also, the aid programs of some countries are strongly self-serving. The aid programs of Portugal and France for instance, reflect stakes in present and former colonies.

But those details lessen not an iota the fact of U.S. niggardliness. Barbara Ward urges that the U.S. devote one or two percent of its income to foreign aid; C. P. Snow says the figure should be more like 20 percent. The reality is 0.57 percent and falling.

So much for the myth of U.S. generosity. The U.S. isn't even generous with its own; only 11 percent of the federal budget goes to education, housing, health, rural and urban development.

On the other hand, $107-billion, or 72 percent of the federal budget, goes toward defense and war-related expenditures. And even if the Vietnam war ended tomorrow, the estimates figure the defense budget to leap 25 percent or more in the next four years.

George McGovern provided several reasons why in his talk at a Yeshiva University dinner: "powerful industrial giants eagerly pressing for more military business; Pentagon defense planners eager to get on with new weapons' construction; congressmen whose districts profit directly from anticipated contracts; and millions of Americans from the blue-collar aircraft worker to the university physicist drawing their pay checks from the production of arms."

The Nixon Administration is not likely to disappoint many of their hopes. As McGovern pointed out, "About to take over the White House is a new President whose campaign left little doubt of his inclination to support the ABM and other costly arms spending, while tightening up on expenditures for civilian purposes."

As if to document McGovern's fears come reports of arms and aerospace contractors and their allies in government scheming to divert, once the war ends, the billions going into Vietnam into the production of sophisticated new planes, missiles, ships, tanks, guns. Nothing is to be pruned away, not even the F-111, the multi-billion dollar blunder which I. F. Stone so accurately characterizes in the *New York Review* as "that miscarriage of an airplane."

So, of course, a defense budget some $30-billion higher than the present budget awaits new Defense Secretary Melvin Laird. How else could it be in a military-industrial economy?

•

Ebony magazine continues its focus on things Catholic with a long piece in its December issue by Saundra Willingham, formerly Sister Melanie of the Sisters of Notre Dame, in Cincinnati, explaining why she left the convent. Miss Willingham writes:

"It became increasingly clear to me that I had to make a choice between the white authority-bound institution into which I had put myself and the black race into which I was born. . . Time and exposure to both institutional and individual racism both in the Church and in the nation forced the inevitable choice."

Miss Willingham, now a community organizer in Cleveland, commented that she experienced "no overt discrimination" in her five years in religious life. "The abuse I suffered was solely psychological," she declared.

"There is one convent which I could never visit without being hauled into the kitchen or basement to meet the 'Colored' help," she recalled. " . . . On various occasions I was pulled out of class or chapel or community room to meet 'so-and-so, who is thrilled that we have you with us.' "

"Exhibit A," she typed herself, "for the total—and profoundly insidious—integration lie."

"I eventually had to ask myself how I could justify such total identification with this institution which was not only white, but so racist and authoritarian that it cannot accept the factual reality that its schools are segregated; so racist that it cannot comprehend the message that the dearth of black 'vocations' is terrifying; so racist that it does not even know the meaning of the word paternalism and is far indeed from seeing itself implicated therein."

Miss Willingham quit the convent last summer. Her parting concession: "I am still convinced of its legitimacy—for white people."

•

In citing the credentials of his cabinet selectees, Mr. Nixon laid emphasis on "considerations beyond what their academic records happen to be." Small wonder. Five of the twelve have no college degree: Blount (Postmaster General), Hickel (Interior), Volpe (Transportation), Romney (HUD), Stans (Commerce).

JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Cadence on Campus

Philadelphia

To the Editors: Last spring we had the pleasure here at La Salle College of having as our guest Mr. Gordon Zahn, who spoke at that time on the subject of conscientious objection, an area in which, doubtless because of his own experience, he seemed well informed. In his recent article, "An Intruder in Academe," [Nov. 22], he delivered an impassioned plea for the elimination of ROTC for the college campus, Catholic campuses in particular, and in so doing he singled out La Salle College where a high degree of "righteous indignation" has been demonstrated in this cause, and more violent forms of dissent are threatened. One could only wish that, during his visit here and before he put pen to paper, Mr. Zahn had taken the time to inform himself as thoughly on this matter as he obviously did on the subject of his talk.

The facts are that La Salle has had no incidents of a violent or disruptive nature toward the ROTC program; nor would such activity be condoned here. There are a number of students and faculty members in the community who share Mr. Zahn's views on the issue of war and peace, as there should be on any college campus, and they voice their opinions with eloquence and frequency. The great majority of our community, however, do not share his rather equivocal opinion of the justification for violence in this matter. We would not, in brief, refer to the burning down or the bombing of a college classroom building in such euphemistic terms "nonviolent direct action," nor do we believe that it is the proper role of a college professor to encourage his students to such action.

Of course, it must be realized that Mr. Zahn's objection to ROTC is but a reflection of his general philosophy. He is obviously a man who considers all military studies as somehow degrading and dehumanizing. He reacts quite

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THE SHAPE OF NEGOTIATIONS

The debate over the shape of the Paris negotiating table is certainly worthy of the scornful and bitter comments it has earned. But the meaning of the squabble may not be precisely what is commonly assumed: the pettiness of diplomats. An important issue is at stake, after all—the sovereignty of Saigon and the equal claims of the National Liberation Front. But why did this issue, virtually the central one of the war, have to express itself in the ridiculous question of furniture design? Why have various geometrical shapes been invested with the magical power to bestow or withhold power and rank? Will the negotiators face similar problems over the design of the chairs, the size and shape of the writing pads, the number and capacity of water pitchers and glasses? Will such voyages into the absurd recur at every sticking point of the negotiations?

The reasons for this difficulty are suggested by Henry A. Kissinger in his by-now well-publicized article in *Foreign Affairs*. Kissinger describes the American tendency to enter negotiations without an overall position in mind and to deal with the issues *ad hoc* as they arise. (This was certainly true of the Vietnam negotiations; the State Department was known to be poorly prepared.) The "tactics" of negotiation thus expand in importance to the extent that an overall set of goals is absent. In Paris, the problem is worsened since the very existence of talks involving Saigon and the NLF implies an equality for the two contending forces which Saigon feels will prejudice the entire remaining settlement. (Kissinger does not ask why the NLF leaders are willing to sit down with, and thereby legitimize, the Saigon regime they have previously denounced.) Writes Kissinger: "The issues are so interrelated that a partial settlement foreshadows the ultimate outcome and therefore contains all of its complexities. Mutual distrust and the absence of clarity

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as to final goals combine to produce an extraordinary incentive to submit all proposals to the most searching scrutiny and to erect hedges for failure or bad faith."

Kissinger proposes dividing the negotiations into two parts: the U.S. and Hanoi would try to work out their differences separately, while Saigon and the NLF would concern themselves with the internal structure of South Vietnam. But the nub of his argument is that the U.S. and North Vietnam should first seek agreement on *ultimate* objectives, and that afterwards the details will more easily fall into place. As for American objectives, these should be limited to avoiding military defeat and "a change in the political structure of South Vietnam brought about by external military force." Therefore, "once North Vietnamese forces and pressures are removed, the United States has no obligation to maintain a government in Saigon by force." The central question to be negotiated with Hanoi would be staged withdrawal of troops by both sides. The internal settlement would be left to Saigon and the NLF.

There are gaps in the Kissinger argument. The "external" character of North Vietnam's involvement is neither clear nor has it ever really been central to U.S. concerns in the area, except as propaganda about the "invasion from the North." If the question of who controls South Vietnam is set aside, as Kissinger suggests that the political, military and negotiating realities demand, then the U.S.'s "ultimate" objectives should be the avoidance of a sudden shift in the power relationships in all of Southeast Asia and the minimization of bloodshed following whatever solution the contending forces reach in South Vietnam. As for a plan of staged withdrawal, it could become a key to settlement in Vietnam, if it could be truly unhinged from the issue of internal control. But if, for example, the U.S. tailored a withdrawal program to the exigencies of building up the ARVN, then another chance to settle the war would be turned into another futile effort to win it.

Kissinger is correct, however, in contending that negotiating "downward" from ultimate objectives will succeed more swiftly than working up from details—like the shape of the table.

PSYCHING NIXON

Remote-control psychoanalysis is a frivolous yet irrepressible occupation. Freud tried it on Leonardo da Vinci and the more modern Woodrow Wilson. Fascinating theses, of course, but too unempirical for history. Arthur Schlesinger attempted a similar psychic diagnosis of Richard Nixon in a 1960 campaign tract entitled *Kennedy or Nixon: Is There a Difference?* and again in a recent *Sunday Times Magazine* article—"A Skeptical Democrat Looks at President Nixon." These armchair therapeutics, less detailed and more offhand than Freud's, are still not to be categorically despised. For Nixon is precisely the one who inserted his personality and temperament into American politics. From the Checkers apologia to last month's Cabinet extravaganza, the Nixon mask has been too much with us. Psychological sketches are an automatic response.

Schlesinger sees Nixon as a rootless quasi-paranoiac plagued by a self-identity gap. He appears insecure, quick to anger and easily rattled. "In particular, Mr. Nixon seems obsessed with the problem of his own response to crisis." However much one disputes this amateur analysis, it must be admitted that the Nixon persona is not irrelevant to political debate: decisions do not obtain in a depersonalized ego. A president's psychic baggage surfaces on some rather crucial matters. (What are we to make of Johnson's remark about not wanting to be the first American President to lose a war?) To dismiss the question of presidential personality as Freudian twaddle is unadvised, but on the other hand reading too much into the Schlesinger sort of guesswork is equally unadvised. Perhaps Nixon will pull out some *extra dimensions* in the next four years and at the same time repress his unredeeming traits. Perhaps not. Even Schlesinger would not pronounce the sentence of predestination.

Hints and clues have already turned up, however. The TV premiere of Nixon's cabinet, the first grand performance of the President-elect, becomes Exhibit A. Certainly this is no "tricky Dick" on our screens. The old image died somewhere between California and New Hampshire with only occasional resurrections. (Remember the low lines about Humphrey's risking American lives in a bombing halt and those "unnamed persons in the White House" who, he heard, were trying to take political advantage of the same?) The now Nixon is happy and relaxed. His game is quiet, non-charismatic confidence. And even if the smiles and jokes are embarrassingly forced, he is secure in the realization that the "forgotten Americans" have not forgotten him. But try as he does to sustain his new role, Nixon cannot keep that old telltale wine from leaking through. The crisis obsession that Schlesinger discovered is re-announced. Secretary Rogers has been observed "in times of great crisis. . . . He is cool." Secretary Laird has a "high degree of . . . coolness under fire." So does Agnew. Oh that *sang-froid!*

Unfounded exegesis? Exaggerated extrapolation? In any case, let them be cool—among other things.

YEAR'S END

The verdict is in: 1968 was ghoulish. The war, like life itself, goes on while negotiators hassle each other about furniture; another Kennedy is apotheosized while Dr. King lies buried with a movement that had brought some hope to troubled times. Czechoslovakia remains drowned at the bottom of the Soviet well while the whole

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episode has triggered a rebirth of the cold war, breathing new life into NATO and the Warsaw Pact—to say nothing of the status it has brought to the nay-sayers and the devil theorists of both blocs.

The list goes on. Myrdal, who proved so accurate in his portrayal of the blacks in this country as an underclass, now talks about the Third World in similar terms and predicts mass starvation by 2000. The beginnings are being seen now, have been seen for the better part of the century. Biafran children are still adding their chapter to the grim prognosis. The Mideast crackles with unending friction, while the great powers vie with each other to plant fuses amidst the tinder.

Southern Africa rounds out the picture with guerrilla war finally beginning as the racist governments of Salisbury and Johannesburg entrench themselves.

Even those events which galvanized large numbers of the well-meaning into concerted political activity seemed to end in helping the old order consolidate its power: Johnson was dumped, just as Al Lowenstein predicted in some of his wilder moments. But Humphrey was nominated in his place and Nixon was elected. Not that things fared any better elsewhere. In France the students realized that their power could be used in truly revolutionary ways and proceeded to cement de Gaulle in his throne, saving the dollar in the process and hoisting the value of the mark.

It's been a hell of a year. China has apparently sealed itself off forever, the better to carry on the cultural revolution. America's cultural revolution is more easily scrutinized, though not necessarily more easily comprehended. The generation gap proceeds, only now there is a new generation of young people who are as alienated from their older brothers as they are from their fathers. "If you think I'm radical," Tom Hayden told the HUAC, "wait until you see what's coming along."

In matters religious, there was no dearth of disheartening news. Pope Paul interposed himself between men and good sense by declaring against the pill, the Dutch, and people who don't believe in heaven and hell. His denunciations of the war in Vietnam were not met with greater attention this year than last. George Gallup instructed us that 98 percent of all Americans believe in God. This compares to only 60 percent in Sweden. On the heaven and hell question, the U.S. was the only country surveyed in which the percentage of believers rose since 1948 (68 to 73 percent).

There may not be compensations for our piecemeal disasters, but there are *circenses* to go with the lack of *pan*. Three astronauts orbited the moon to the delight of the world, the State Department, which is mindful of propaganda opportunities, and NASA which has had to lay off several thousand technicians this past year due to budget cuts.

It was not noted that American cities became any less unlivable as a result of the moon probe.

The Timelessness of Norman Thomas

A friend calls to tell you that Norman Thomas died this morning. You think back to his last speech. November, 1967, in Chicago. He sits at the end of a long speakers table: slumped in utter exhaustion, his head resting in his hands which cover his eyes, his mouth open and breathing stertorously. To most people he appears to be asleep. The modern auditorium at the University of Chicago is filled with nearly a thousand trade unionists who have come together in a National Labor Assembly for Peace. They introduce him, and he comes out of his chair and limps slowly to the lectern. The applause swells and soon everyone is on his feet. The head comes back, the eyes are wide and sparkling; he makes an impatient gesture, but his lips are smiling. Finally the audience is silent.

He starts, as always, with a joke—on himself. It's good to be standing before a trade union gathering again, he says—he doesn't get many invitations from his old friends like Walter Reuther and Pat Gorman any more. He takes a moment to reminisce about the Tom Mooney agitation (Warren Billings, Mooney's co-defendant, a perky little man of 79, is there as a delegate from the San Francisco jewelers union). And then he starts to talk about the war. This horrible, immoral, life- and value-destroying war. How sad it is, he says, that nowadays the AFL-CIO is more conservative on foreign policy than the Chamber of Commerce and the NAM. He isn't saying anything new or startling; but as he talks he makes you feel his revulsion, his anger, his determination to stop the waste of war. He's 83 years old and he stands there and his long arms stretch out and his whole body shakes and his quavering voice suddenly booms out. And all at once it's Jersey City. Or Paterson. Or a small Southern town where the tenant farmers have gathered. And Norman Thomas is making you feel what he feels.

He was the leader of the Socialist Party for 40 years. And yet he failed as leader of that party—he never was adept at left-wing in-fighting; his own moral certitude did not admit of the flexibility that makes a good political leader, even on the left. He opposed Roosevelt, and the trade unionists left him. He opposed the Second World War, and the anti-fascist intellectuals left him. And when, in the '50s, he counseled against a futile attempt at Socialist candidates, the "pure" left in his own party turned away from him. Trotsky once said that "Norman Thomas calls himself socialist as a result of a misunderstanding." Yet that clever remark missed the real point: he was a socialist because he believed that exploitation was wrong, that capitalism was the worst kind of exploitation, that "people should control the institutions that affect their lives," in the phrase now popular among the new leftists. Never a

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true Marxist, not particularly good at economic analysis, he infused all who worked with him with a crusading fervor and infected others with his passion for fighting evil.

The list of his causes is endless. The League for Industrial Democracy. The American Civil Liberties Union. The Southern Tenant Farmers Union. The National Sharecroppers Fund. The Workers Defense League. And countless trade unions, Committees to Free X or Prevent the Deportation of Y or Stop the Invasion of Z.

He has successors. Michael Harrington is the descendant of the Socialist Norman Thomas: a fine orator, a deeply analytical thinker—more of a Marxist than Norman ever was—a brilliant pamphleteer. The Activist Norman Thomas will live on in the frenetic person of Congressman-elect Al Lowenstein, who adopted Norman as a political god-father several years ago and was one of the few people to help keep him abreast of the current political scene in his last illness.

The editorials are all saying that most of what Norman Thomas stood for has been passed into law. But nothing could be a greater disservice to the memory of this fine old man than to say that his testimonial is the Social Security Act of 1935. For what made Norman unique was that he never lost his timeliness. His special vision was always a relevant one. That's why he spent so much time on campus: he loved young people, and he shared their burning sense of injustice. DOUGLAS IRELAND

(Douglas Ireland, political activist and free-lance writer, was on the campaign staffs of Eugene McCarthy and Al Lowenstein.)

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THE NEW KENNEDY IN WASHINGTON

MAYOR DALEY'S BANKER

Shortly after he was designated Secretary of the Treasury by Richard Nixon, David Kennedy was asked about his political allegiance. He replied that his party registration is Republican. "But," he continued, "I'm a very good friend of Mayor Daley." He is indeed.

Kennedy is the political voice of LaSalle Street, Chicago's financial center, where he is board chairman of the Continental Illinois Bank, the city's largest. He is known by his banking colleagues nationally as a student of urban problems. This interest isn't strictly an outgrowth of Kennedy's intellectual curiosity, for the banks of Chicago are tied to the city.

Downstate bankers are anxious to keep their turf clear of competition by Chicago finance, and consequently hang on to an Illinois law against branch banking. This means Continental cannot set up branches as a way of moving its stake piecemeal into outlying city neighborhoods, the suburbs, and smaller towns. Kennedy's bank is confined to its Loop site. So Continental has been compelled to promote a downtown area where it and other banks can flourish. This must be an area where the vaults cannot be stormed by rioters, and where the banks can be reached easily by the retail trade (personal savings, checking accounts, small loans). A Chicago banking center is served by street lighting improvements, better police and fire protection, rapid transit, and land acquisition by the city. These are the physical requirements of Continental and other banks. Chicago finance also could use openings for bond and land investment. And it has found them: if the physical and financial agenda of Chicago's banks sounds a lot like the program of Richard Daley's fourth term, then most of the credit goes to a decade of groundwork by David Kennedy.

During 1959, the year Daley won a second term and became a local landmark, Continental made Kennedy its chief executive officer. Although its assets lagged behind those of First National Bank of Chicago, Continental began to catch up. It continued its international expansion. One of its foreign operations has been to join a banking syndicate to extend 140 million of credit to South Africa. Kennedy has an explanation for bankrolling *apartheid* "To introduce moral judgments on political policies . . . into such a transaction would be discriminatory . . . and would jeopardize the basic structure and purpose of the bank credit system." At home, Kennedy's bank merged with another in 1961 to overtake First National. And during the same year, Kennedy consolidated his bank's position by entering the Daley administration.

Kennedy became chairman of the newly-formed Mayor's Committee for Economic and Cultural Development. The CECD has a membership of 200 business and civic groups. Its 10-man board brings together the powers of finance, business and industry. Its activities are paid for out of the city budget. During its early years, the professional staff of the CECD concentrated on economic research, thereby subsidizing local business by picking up the cost of some of its long-range planning.

However, during the spring of 1965, Kennedy and the other voluntary board members set the staff to work on a political agenda for local business and finance. Kennedy and 15 other corporate leaders took this agenda to the mayor for a series of extended meetings during the spring of 1966. They told the mayor they wanted city spending for street lighting, better police and fire protection, rapid transit and urban renewal. They suggested a 195-million bond issue. The mayor agreed and pledged the support of his ward committeemen. However, because a 1962 bond issue had failed to pass a referendum, Ken-

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nedy's alliance decided to lead the bond campaign itself. Kennedy personally testified before the required city agencies to get the approval needed to put the proposition on the June 1966 ballot. He continued to make public appearances to push for the bonds before the public. Throughout, Kennedy promised city taxes wouldn't go up (they did). And finally, after the issue was approved, the first 125-million of bonds was bought by a consortium led by Continental.

The bond campaign catapulted Daley into the 1967 election. He wanted to break historical precedent by running for a fourth straight term of four years. The corporate agenda gave him a program, provided its financing, and locked the Kennedy alliance into his camp. Kennedy was one of the mayor's chief fund raisers, and financing was so successful that Daley returned some contributions after sweeping all 50 of the city's awards. The Republicans were badly hurt by the almost total desertion of their historical business base (the GOP candidate had about as much chance as Christine Jorgenson, and some Chicagoans thought Daley himself had picked the opponent). The 1967 victory was the highest point of corporate support for Daley. This backing is still strong: a poll of local business leaders after the the Democratic National Convention showed two-thirds of them liked the way Daley handled protest.

There is only one threat of serious dissent inside the local corporate alliance. First National is still the local financial (and political) rival of Continental. A former executive of Chicago's second largest bank ran unsuccessfully in 1967 against Daley's pick for city treasurer. First National has recently hired a local radio and TV personality, Norman Ross, as its vice-president for public affairs. Ross has already begun to deliver a stock address on urban problems to communion breakfasts, athletic banquets, service club luncheons, and matrons' teas. Ross was urged by Charles Percy and others to run against Daley in 1967. But at that time, Ross was spinning records, and a political move would have classed him as a Shirley Temple. However, after several years of exposure as an urban-minded bank executive, he should be ready for the 1971 Republican nomination for mayor. This nomination is worthless, of course, unless supported by the local business interests.

So as Kennedy goes to Washington, he leaves a strong corporate alliance supporting the mayor. This alliance will surely survive the end of the banker's leadership, unless split by a Ross candidacy. However, the local coalition of corporations and the Democratic organization mightn't be so secure. It eventually will have to be renegotiated, because the commitment of Chicago business is to only one local Democrat, Kennedy's very good friend.

CHARLES J. LEWIS AND RALPH WHITEHEAD, JR.

(Charles J. Lewis and Ralph Whitehead, Jr., Chicago newspapermen, specialize in financial and city reporting, respectively.)

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MILITARY PIQUE IN BRAZIL

CLOSING DOWN THE SHOWCASE

The demise of pseudo-democracy in Brazil was sudden, if not altogether unexpected. Opposition to the military-dominated government of Marshal Costa e Silva had reached a crescendo in recent months as radical students, progressive elements within the Church and a growing number of political figures from the past all openly agitated for a return to civilian rule. Terrorist activity on the Right and Left had begun to erode the faith which most Brazilians share in the essential moderation of their national character. It was apparent that something had to give, although at first there was disbelief that military pique over a speech by a federal deputy could possibly serve as the pretext for the extreme measures which followed. An almost unnoticed casualty of the debacle was the U.S. policy, which had served as mid-wife at the birth of the military regime, wrapped it in an American flag, and nursed it with liberal doses of monetary and technical assistance.

The Brazilian generals took over in April, 1964, to put an end to what they termed the "chaos, communism and corruption" of the government of President Joao Goulart. The indecision of the Left, Goulart's ineptness and the bitter resistance of wealthy Brazilians to any sort of change in the status quo had combined to create a climate of political and economic instability in the months preceding the coup. The military announced that they were going to make a "revolution" which would restore "order and progress," the traditional watchwords of the Brazilian nation. (What followed prompted one wag to note that this meant "order for the people, progress for the military.")

Though the generals issued decrees euphemistically called "institutional acts" and installed one of their own as president, they struggled to preserve the trappings of constitutional rule. Politicians removed from office because of alleged corruption or subversive activity were replaced in accordance with existing law rather than by military fiat. The "institutional acts" were limited in scope and duration. Civilian courts continued to function and nearly all the political prisoners seized during the post-coup period were untilateraly released.

Yet the generals failed to make their pseudo-democ-

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racy work. They abolished all political organizations and created an artificial two-party system which sought to institutionalize a ruling group and a permanent, broken opposition. But when they permitted free elections, anti-government candidates often won. Opposition columnists, publishers and song-writers enjoyed great popularity. Restrictive measures taken to stabilize the economy dissatisfied most workers and some businessmen. The regime's unabashedly pro-U.S. stance ran afoul of Brazilian nationalism.

When the military forced congress to "elect" Costa e Silva as president in March, 1967, the former defense minister promised to "humanize the revolution." His position seemed to indicate the triumph of liberal opinion over the hard line elements which had been pushing for more open and repressive military rule along the lines of the Argentine dictatorship.

But the new administration failed to make any real progress toward social justice or structural reform to complement the mild economic recovery achieved by the stabilization policy. As President Costa e Silva began his second year in office, opposition to his regime burst out of control. The students mounted violent demonstrations throughout the country. Isolated instances of leftist guerrilla activity occurred. An attempt was made to form a new opposition party in defiance of restrictions on political activity. Progressive Catholics, led by Archbishop Helder Camara of Recife, intensified their agitation for social reform, and in December the arrest of three French priests for alleged subversion brought about a direct confrontation between the army and the hierarchy. At the same time, right-wing paramilitary groups, with the tacit support of "hard line" army officers, began a terrorist campaign against the Left, and conservative Catholics petitioned the Vatican to do something about the "communist infiltration" of the Brazilian church.

When a federal deputy denounced the military as "torturers" because of their suppression of a student meeting, the government demanded that congress remove his immunity from prosecution. This was not the first time that Marcio Moreira Alves had displeased the armed forces. In 1967, he wrote a book entitled *Tortures and the Tortured* documenting the brutality exercised by the military when they seized power in 1964. His speech of Sept. 7 was mild in comparison. But congressional refusal to turn him over for trial provoked an extraordinary response. On December 14, President Costa e Silva dissolved congress and decreed another "institutional act." The army imposed a rigid press censorship and began a wave of arrests reminiscent of April, 1964.

Viewed in the light of the mounting pressures against the regime, the current crisis has implications beyond what it reveals about the military mentality. The new "institutional act" has no time limit and gives the president open dictatorial powers. The triumph of the "hard line" and the indiscriminate arrests still being made assure the radicalization of those liberals and moderates personally affected and make a clash with the Church all but inevitable.

The official U.S. reaction to Costa e Silva's crackdown stands in marked contrast to the unrestrained enthusiasm which greeted the 1964 coup. A state department spokesman referred warily to the serious potential problem as to individual freedom and the rhythm of the country's development. He did not explain why thinly disguised military dictatorships which wield power discreetly pose no such problems. (Nor did he mention that a dictatorship out of control might eventually fall prey to nationalist influences and disturb U.S. business interests.)

Actually the recent turn of events in Brazil is a classic case of chickens coming home to roost. The U.S. may not have played an active role in the 1964 coup, but there can be no doubt that the generals and their civilian allies received encouragement from Washington and the embassy in Rio. Ambassador Lincoln Gordon and his staff backed the new regime with exuberance, and worked closely with the generals. The embassy even had a choice for president—Carlos Lacerda, a pro-U.S. governor who had received an inordinate amount of Alliance for Progress Funds and had participated in the coup. One short-term dividend of this American involvement was the passage of a new profit-remittance law which made it easier for U.S. firms to take money out of the country.

Self-deception became the cornerstone of American policy towards Brazil, which was immediately selected to be another in a series of empty showcases of the Alliance for Progress. American officials played up every sign of economic growth while ignoring the continuing lack of social and economic justice and the growing unpopularity of the regime. Anti-Americanism and opposition to the government soon were synonymous. Even Lacerda turned against the regime and began to criticize the U.S.

Though the state department has now taken a new line, it is instructive to note that not all Americans have lost their faith in the generals. The U.S. business community in Brazil wholeheartedly supported the 1964 coup—to the extent that some businessmen even attempted to pressure the few U.S. newspapers which published criticism of the new government. Immediately after Costa e Silva made his recent move, a group of businessmen in southern Brazil praised the President for taking a firm stand against those who would disturb the present climate of stability.

JOSEPH A. PAGE

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In accordance with common magazine practice to omit a year-end issue, there was no Jan. 3 issue of *Commonweal*. This is the first issue of 1969. With it, we wish our readers a Happy New Year. THE EDITORS

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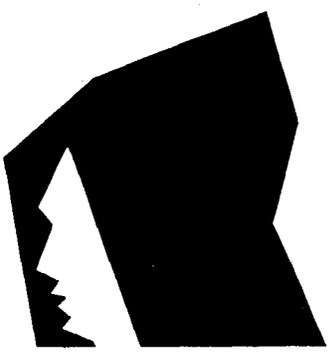
THE GIFT OF MERTON

A friend remembers

JAMES H. FOREST



"Please say he changed people's lives. That's why he was important. No one changed my life more than he did." Such is my wife's appeal as this recollection of Thomas Merton is begun.

She has lit incense from Lebanon, myrrh and frankincense. The room is full of smoke and silence. I realize Merton would be happy here. A splinter of Robert Bly poetry floats to the surface of consciousness: "A man throws back his head, gasps/And dies. His ankles twitch, his hands open and close,/And the fragment of time that he has eaten is exhaled from his pale mouth to nourish the snow."

Thomas Merton is dead.

"He changed people's lives." Which is to say many heads, many lives were turned inside out; he brought together politics and the spiritual life; he helped give resistance a contemplative dimension. In part it was because he never interrupted the cycle of birth and death within himself, never became petrified, never was afraid to make it known that another Thomas Merton had perished. The Thomas Merton that wrote *The Seven Storey Mountain* died at least two decades before the Thomas Merton who became the world's most political hermit died among Buddhists in Asia.

I first became aware of Thomas Merton on a blizzardy night a few days before Christmas in 1959. I had just turned 18, a Navy airman, and was in the unexpected midst of becoming a Marxist's Christian son. A two-week leave had made it possible to spend Christmas with the Anglican monks at Holy Cross Monastery at West Park, New York, upstate along the Hudson. But to catch the bus, several hours had to be endured in the neon pall of Manhattan's Port Authority Bus Terminal. In a paperback rack I came upon *Seven Storey Mountain.*

I pictured Merton—no picture of him had yet been published, he was the contemporary equivalent of the man in the iron mask—as a lean, fast-weathered human scare-crow, something like St. Bernard in the desert and probably almost as irritable. But his writings—not only in the autobiography but in *Seeds of Contemplation, The Waters of Siloe, No Man is an Island*—were vivid and compelling, products of something more than a theologically-attuned cerebral cortex. "Everything that is, is holy" seemed more than an approved, homogenized thought, but an almost Zorba-like celebration of having millions of nerves—to see, hear, taste, smell, touch—reaching outward for communion; and he found a poet's ways of giving it verbal flesh.

Chez Merton

A bit more than two years later, in February 1962, then an editor of *The Catholic Worker,* four of us on the Chrystie Street staff got up at sunrise, bought several loaves of fresh, still-hot Italian bread from a Spring Street bakery and started hitch-hiking to Gethsemani. Thomas Merton had been carrying on a warm correspondence with Dorothy Day and the Worker staff and had recently begun submitting articles on war and peace for CW publication. Now he had invited us down for a kind of informal retreat.

Discovering no one would stop for four people, we broke our group in half: Nelson Barr (later to found the New York Psychedelicatessen) and Polish artist Alex Marcin in one contingent and American-Polish poet

JAMES H. FOREST *co-edited, with Tom Cornell,* A Penny A Copy, *an anthology of writings from* The Catholic Worker.

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Robert Kachnowski and I in the other. Although the weather was bitter, Christmas was sufficiently remote from memory for most drivers to comfortably ignore two long-haired, peace-buttoned vagrants. Countless open-armed dashboard Jesus statues sailed by. After three sleepless days we finally made it to Cleveland, scraped together just enough for a bus to Bardstown, Kentucky, and were there picked up by a monk who brought us to the monastery. Bob collapsed in a guest room while I went to the chapel.

I had been in the church loft five minutes or so when I heard, coming from the adjacent guest house despite distance and heavy doors, such gales of explosive laughter as I had never heard before. It was a kind of monsoon. Rushing toward the hilarity, I threw open Bob's door. On the floor was a bald monk in white and black robes, feet in the air, hands pressed to his belly—not a skinny monk—and face radish-red, almost suffocating from laughter. The smell! Bob had taken off his shoes. During our three days and nights of ride begging there had been no rest or showers or change of socks. The room was like the inside of a fish barrel at the Fulton Fish Market in the middle of July, the air like month-old hot fish syrup. Merton had probably not smelled anything like it in his life. But for such a smell to erupt in cleanliness-is-next-to-godliness Gethsemani—a kind of negative miracle. The Catholic Worker had arrived. Perhaps it was an apocalyptic sign.

How to tell the effects of those weeks at Gethsemani? We had come from the Bowery. Our clothes were gifts from the dead. In New York the peace movement, in-

cluding almost all of the Catholic Worker's staff, had just gotten through the exhausting, round-the-clock week of the First General Strike for Peace, carried out under the intense direction of the Living Theatre's Julian Beck and Judith Malina. People were working day and night in an atmosphere of crisis and chaos. The Russians had resumed the atmospheric testing of nuclear weapons and we expected (correctly) the United States shortly to announce similar intentions. Vietnam, though as yet hardly known to anyone in America, was already the scene of a major U.S. confrontation with a revolutionary movement. In a climate of such urgency and exhaustion, it is not surprising that we at the Catholic Worker were showing signs of strain: staff crises developed from such world-shaking issues as what to do with the small amounts of real butter and eggs that were occasionally given us by convents and friends; the Great Butter Crisis, it was later called.

Then to be at a Trappist monastery in a remote part of Kentucky with Thomas Merton, a man who, despite distances and solitude, was more conscious of the agonies being decreed for man than were we in the midst of destitution and institutionalized brutality. And yet a man who could laugh as none we had ever encountered, and who spent days and weeks in silence broken only by occasional bursts of typing and lectures to the novitiate.

We crunched through the snow with him, tried on his hooded choir robe (heavy as chain mail) and, with his novices chopped trees and cut firewood in the surrounding woods. We learned the hand signs for bread, God and potato, saw one novice demonstrate a current popular song put to sign language, sampled the community-made cheeses (not eaten by the monks themselves), sat in with the novices for Merton's lectures, spent afternoons in his cinder-block hermitage a mile distant in the woods.

What did he say to us? I don't remember the exact words. But there are fragments still preserved, and certain images he drew upon in making points.

He spoke of the problem of consciousness: how incidental, accidental and minor is the "I" we generally speak of, how distant that "I" from real essence. What I call myself, he said, is like the debris of fallen leaves and twigs and algae that happen to gather on the surface of a lake, a lake which is perhaps not only deep but bottomless.

He spoke of the Eucharist as a breaking open of time itself, something in which all bread is joined to man not as repeated magic trick but as a singular event forever, indelibly enacted.

He talked of the need for silence and the uncluttering of the mind, even more important for us than for monks: the imperative to protect the spirit from ambushes of busy-ness and schedules. "Inside of yourselves you shouldn't be running all the time," he said, knowing well the kind of momentum which had been within us.

For those of us in the peace and justice struggle who have fallen, one way or another, under Merton's influence, it is in the last area that his impact has been most profound, and again his relationship with the *Catholic Worker* staff is an example. Before we came down he had tried to get it through to us with letters. In a special delivery letter received while we were among 50 sitting in before the Atomic Energy Commission's New York office, Merton had written: "My Mass of February 1st . . . will be for all strikers everywhere in the world and for all who yearn for a true peace, all who are willing to shoulder the great burden of patiently working, praying and sacrificing themselves for peace. We will never see the results in our time, even if we manage to get through the

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next five years without being incinerated. Really we have to pray for a total and profound change in the mentality of the whole world. What we have known in the past of Christian penance is not a deep enough concept if it does not comprehend the special problems and dangers of the present age. Hairshirts will not do the trick, but there is no harm in mortifying the flesh. But vastly more important is the complete change of heart and the totally new outlook on the world of man . . ."

Merton's message was one of freedom, freedom from cultures and mind-styles that have been driven mad with acceleration (he would have been happy to wear a Speed Kills button), freedom to see and hear without self-imposed biases. He hoped for de-nationalization of the head. Those who have providentially been stirred to become the leaven of change, he said, those who seek to renew human imagination, those who try to use their lives to give meaning to communion and community, love, hope and happiness, they most of all must have entered into a peace, a now-ness, in which moments, men and events can be savored.

Now Merton is dead.

His face was like Picasso's.

In the winter he wore a Navy-type stocking cap.

In his hermitage there is probably still some of the candy and beer he used to keep for visitors, and his ancient patchwork quilt is probably still on his bed and his 1957 Sengai calendar from Japan surely still hanging on the wall.

In his files somewhere are letters from Thich Nhat Hanh, Martin Luther King, A. J. Muste, Dorothy Day, Flannery O'Connor, John Howard Griffin, D. T. Suzuki, Henry Miller, W. H. Ferry, James Baldwin, Hasidic rabbis, poets, musicians, conscientious objectors, resistors, mystics.

His friend the black snake is probably still in the outhouse.

He leaves behind, not children, but perhaps a few more peaceful people, a lot less parochial people, quite a few who learned from a monk and hermit what it means to be alive and in the world in time of plague.

Peace, Thomas Merton!

'Humanae Vitae' in Latin America

IMPERIALISM AND THE PILL

JORDAN BISHOP

Early last October, a peaceful demonstration of students from the Catholic University of La Paz was broken up by the police. Several students and a Jesuit priest were taken to police headquarters, but were soon released on the orders of the President of the republic. They were demonstrating against the alleged political use of birth control programs (read colonialist tool) and more specifically, against Robert McNamara's statement, reported in the local press, to the effect that World Bank loans should give preference to those underdeveloped nations which have implemented birth control programs. The following day President Rene Barrientos Ortuño declared that Bolivia's population problem is not a question of overcrowding. In a territory twice the size of France, Bolivia has one-tenth its population. Granted, this is a static vision of Bolivia's population problem; in response to *Humanae Vitae,* however, the Bolivian bishops were careful to point out that the country's population is increasing faster than the economy can bear.

The October 8th issue of the Chilean review *Punto Final* carried an article entitled "Imperialism and the Pill," which speaks of "the twisted neo-malthusian plans of imperialism, with no other object than to soften social tensions in pauperized areas of dependent countries, and to lengthen the time of imperialist domination." Although papal and anti-colonial sentiments would appear to coincide on this issue, the agreement is accidental. In the *Punto Final* article, citing David Baytelman, professor of Political Economics at the University of Chile, the rejection of the encyclical is clear: "Imperialism and the bourgeoisie are attempting to alleviate the nascent earthquake of millions of hungry mouths, diminishing or annulling the birth of new mouths. In India they have come to the point of promoting sterilization. This is a premeditated action designed to turn the attention of peoples from the real causes of their hunger, with the help of erroneous theoretical positions which can be quite harmful. It is not that I am in agreement with the Pope: a human being has a right to have or not to have the children he wants. But some sectors of the Left which accept the palliative of anticonceptives with no further ado, lack a clear notion of the path which the colonized peoples should follow, coinciding lamentably with the neo-malthusian and reactionary theories of their enemies."

The same author goes on to point out that pills provide

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no remedy for the hunger and nakedness of Latin American proletarians: "It is not with pills or means of sterilization—the latter recalling certain Nazi precedents—that peoples will solve their hard problems, but rather with a lucid fight for the destruction of the present system and the creation of another which is characterized by greater real freedom and justice." The author rightly adds that his position has nothing to do with that of Paul VI. "We start from different political needs and with opposed objectives. I am with those who want to change the world in a radical manner. The Pope is obliged to defend the existing order, throwing a bit of incense over its more repulsive and explosive characteristics."

The encyclical gives the impression that population control would be desirable if it could be reconciled with the demands of a certain traditional natural law morality and with the tradition of the Magisterium. Since *Populorum Progressio* and even more recent papal declarations put the Pope in the camp of those who look for development rather than revolution, the breach between the opposition of the radical Left and the Pope regarding "developmentalist" birth control programs could hardly be greater. The fact that Mr. McNamara and many North American planners urge population control is almost sufficient in itself to ensure the wrath of the Latin American Left, for whom birth control is seen not in the perspective of responsible parenthood, but rather as a political weapon aimed at limiting the revolutionary potential of a young and growing proletariat, assaulted on the one hand by consumer propaganda and on the other by the growing frustration of marginal economic and social conditions.

This is not to say that human problems which would favor birth limitation are absent from the Latin American scene. In some large cities experts have calculated the number of abortions as almost equal to the number of live births; and for many Latin American Catholics effective birth control programs appear a lesser evil, whatever their attitude towards the doctrine of the encyclical.

Popular Attitudes

Proportionally, the incidence of abortion and the practice of contraception are probably higher among the middle and upper classes than among the lower classes. But it is not true that they represent a middle-class phenomenon, and the absolute number of abortions among the popular classes is probably higher. A recent study reported that lower-class people in the high country of Peru had more children than they wanted, although a large percentage were inclined to leave the question of the number of children to the will of God. It would be difficult to interpret this as religiously motivated support for the position of *Humanae Vitae* (unless of course one is inclined to place the encyclical itself in the context of primitive, pre-scientific religiosity). In at least one case a rural community, decimated by an epidemic, refused medical assistance because they regarded the epidemic as "a punishment from God," and by the same token, an extremely high rate of infant mortality is regarded as "natural" by the high country *campesinos*. It is a different world from the United States and Western Europe; it is also a world unlike that of Paul VI and the Roman Curia.

Among the urban middle classes—and here I refer particularly to traditional Catholics, the sort that sometimes describes itself as "Catholic but not fanatic"—the attitude towards the traditional prohibition of contraception fits in fairly well with the general context of the encyclical. Arguments from natural law are quite meaningless; the traditional prohibition of contraception is placed more or less on the same level as the equally traditional laws concerning the Eucharistic fast. If one did not fast, one did not go to Communion. Abstention from contraceptive practices becomes another ritual requirement for frequenting the sacraments. Legalism is curiously mixed with a traditionally anti-legal Latin attitude which prevails both in religious and secular matters. Law is a terribly important factor in life; authority is unquestioned. But once the point is established, a working distinction is introduced between *acatamiento*—acceptance of the law and recognition of its authority—and *cumplimiento*—compliance with the thing prescribed. Rebellion against authority would be regarded as scandalous and impious, but compliance with the law is a gringo hangup.

Given this milieu, it is difficult to assess the impact of the encyclical on the population. On the one hand Alberto Lleras, writing in the review *Visión*, finds in the *Humanae Vitae* a handy excuse for blaming the Pope and the Church for the wreck of the Alliance for Progress and the continued underdevelopment of the continent. The progress of the middle classes is threatened by the continued presence of multitudes of unwashed proletarians. Others feel that neither the encyclical nor the programs of the planners will make a great deal of difference in the number of babies born. Malcolm Muggeridge, praising the encyclical (along with the position of the medieval Church on usury) in the *Manchester Guardian*, doubts very much "whether, as a result of *Humanae Vitae*, one single birth will be initiated that would not otherwise take place. Or *vice versa*." Ivan Illich argues more subtly that it is rather futile to try to tell the Latin American proletarian that birth control will give him a higher standard of living. He knows better, and in his present situation neither the kind of responsible parenthood proposed by the planners nor that proposed by the Pope represents real option. Of course, it is embarrassing for those who are on the bandwagon of the "Alliance for the Progress of the Middle Class" to have so many hungry representatives of the lower class around. Illich contends that this basic contradiction condemns Latin American birth control programs to inefficacy. The democratic ideology will not allow cruder implementa-

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tions (such as paying women to have loops inserted) since the ideological pretense must be maintained that these programs are established for the benefit of the lower classes themselves and have nothing to do with the privileged situation of the middle classes now menaced by demographic pressures. Birth control and austerity are primarily for the lower class; the middle class is already adequately informed as to the first and has no interest in the second. We have, in effect, an almost classic example of the Marxist thesis of the ideology of the dominant social group preserving its prerogatives at the expense of the rest.

There is something to be said for the attitudes of the nationalist Left. Revolution, however, is out of the question. With or without population control, massive U.S. military aid to reactionary governments has doomed hopes for successful popular uprisings. On the other hand, the net result is hardly consoling for the future. The barely suppressed fury of anti-Yankee sentiment is patently increasing; and anti-imperialist slogans are no longer limited to the "extremists." Christian Democrats and right-wing nationalists contest with the Marxists in shouting "Yankee go home" the loudest. Rather than being the distinguishing mark of the Marxist left, the critique of imperialism is now a common fixture of the Latin American intellectual.

It is here that the Pope's warnings against violence, which have been as unpopular here in Latin America as *Humanae Vitae* is in the North, take on a certain rational justification. The abstract possibility of violence against tyranny, given certain conditions, is of course quite traditional, and was repeated as such in *Populorum Progressio*. Nevertheless, violence as the futile expression of rage and frustration is a real and present danger. It is unfortunate that Paul is considered a defender of the status quo; here perhaps, as in the case of contraception, his position is somewhat ambiguous. Dom Helder Camara, whose opposition to the status quo is unquestioned, can speak more effectively in favor of non-violence. Still, the Pope's position has hardly provoked a crisis of authority since respectful non-compliance, as a traditional Latin American position, is applied here just as easily as it is applied to contraception. This pattern, developed into a fine art when the *Consejo de Indias* legislated for Latin America from Seville, takes shape with equal facility in both cases—although the tendency to contest papal authority on the question of violence sometimes approaches the contestation of *Humanae Vitae* in Northern latitudes.

The Spanish language really doesn't have a word for "irrelevance," but this is perhaps the best summary of Latin American attitudes towards *Humanae Vitae*. The heart of the matter is not the moral problem (solved in a variety of ways without personal trauma) but the political problem (concerning which the encyclical says little) where one suspects that papal sympathies, beyond the natural law hang-up, are with the imperialists. We live in another world.

WHEN YOU WAKE UP IN THE MORNING ARE YOU RIGHT BACK WHERE YOU WERE?

MURRAY POLNER AND SEYMOUR P. LACHMAN

The new black middle class in the streets north of Fulton in Bedford-Stuyvesant keeps its sidewalks clean, its children well-starched and its collective eye on the respectability and acceptance many are sure is coming someday soon. Like their white counterparts elsewhere they have bought all the usual America values: optimism, responsibility, accumulation, the worth of schooling, and, of course, morality.

On the face of it, then, the housing of young unmarried mothers-to-be in their area would seem a paradox. "We don't want the tramps here, in our neighborhood" said a middle-aged woman on Macdonough Street. "It gives all of us a bad name. Let them pay for their mistakes." A good many New Yorkers, who get their kicks from *Playboy* while their wives read *Valley of the Dolls,* would take the same approach. They would shriek at public meetings, march on City Hall and evil-eye John Lindsay. Nice girls just don't have illegitimate babies; only expensive abortions.

But it's not quite the same any more among the newer members of the black bourgeoisie. "It's as if God put us here on earth at this time to help our black brothers out," said a minister. This is what has been happening here. There is an attempt to shape the future of the neighborhood by opting for local control, driving it in its favored direction—in this instance both to help the girls and even more, to show them their style of life—one geared towards more conventional sexual behavior, the sanctity of

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marriage, and the responsibility of parenthood.

They have two assets. The first is working with and for their own. "The people can appreciate you're from Bedford-Stuyvesant," said one young woman, "because we're not like some outsiders coming in and asking personal questions. We're living it here together."

They also have Youth-In-Action, the largest anti-poverty agency in New York City and indeed the largest in the nation. But then, Central Brooklyn has the largest black population in the country, after Chicago. Youth-in-Action has already become a grass-roots power base in Brooklyn politics. Operating within the "system," it found the polling booth was as effective as community action in bringing about desired results. Its energetic program director, Waldaba Stewart, was recently nominated for the State Senate—winning the primary contest over the man who originally brought the federal court suit to establish a long desired and needed black congressional district in Brooklyn. Running on the same slate was progressive Assemblywoman Shirley Chisholm who just became the first Negro elected to serve as New York State Democratic Committeewoman and now first Negro congresswoman.

Youth-In-Action has effectively combined its popular support with middle-class analysis of problems and suggested remedies, both of which have given it much political muscle in Bedford-Stuyvesant. One of its projects is the "Young Mothers Project," an important illustration of what YIA is trying to do.

Young Mothers reveals a picture of blacks trying to go it alone and confronting and overcoming the familiar litany of problems to be found in the urban slum.

By their own count those difficulties are monumental. 35 percent of all youngsters do not live with both parents. A large number of children are known by school authorities to have extremely severe family problems. And insofar as out-of-wedlock births are concerned, the problem is even greater. Five years ago, for example, the last time anyone studied the figure with some care, YIA reported almost one in four babies born in Bedford-Stuyvesant to be illegitimate. This represented a rise, up from 19 percent in 1959. A black sociologist has estimated that the figure is up another 5 percent by now.

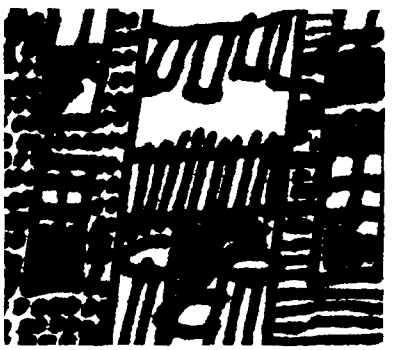
Young Mothers never preaches legality at young mothers. Nor even morality. What they are trying to do is to talk the girls out of becoming pregnant again out-of-wedlock. They tell them: sex is a wondrous experience, the most marvelous thing there is between men and women. You miss most of it in quickies in back seats or in basements. You're cheating yourself of the opportunity to have a child in the married state and then give to that child a father. You've got to control yourself. And if they can't do that, they teach them how to use contraceptives.

So there it is, an appeal to self-interest, to doing what is best for themselves. Middle class? Of course. But they run the show. Young Mothers wants to give to each girl a feeling of independence. They want her to return to school or to learn a skill so that she can care for her baby and herself.

The Young Mothers began a few years ago with an annual budget of $24,000 and 40 students. They're now up to half a million dollars and many more students and staff. Still, the news of graduates is patchy; there are few success stories.

Thelma Jean, for instance. Thelma Jean was, according to a therapist's report, "a sad, quiet little girl" of 15 when her angry mother, herself with four girls and three boys by seven men, brought her in. Thelma Jean, her seventh, troubled her. Not so much because of the baby. Somehow they'd get by. She was the last to complain about that. But, as she later confided, she knew very well what lay ahead for Thelma Jean. A lifetime of hassle with the welfare people, whom she detested for prying into her life, for forcing her to explain and justify everything she needed and wanted. The girl would have to do the same for the baby's shoes and even milk. She knew *that.*

Thelma Jean completed a stay of 22 weeks with Young Mothers. She wanted to become a domestic servant and her records indicate that given her psychological test results it was, for her, a realistic choice. She would probably keep her baby ("99% do; it's the only thing they've ever had of their own and is entirely dependent on them") but in truth, Young Mothers would rarely ever know for sure. Thelma Jean might become pregnant again soon, or marry or even die and their files would show nothing for it. Yet Young Mothers does try. Five community aides —neighborhood women—attempt to follow-up the program with personal visits every six months asking questions as, "Have you married the putative father?" or "Have you become pregnant again?" But in a majority of instances the girls disappear forever and never send back word. Some do marry and want to forget the whole affair. This is especially so with girls from small Southern towns who had to escape from local eyes and tongues to go "visit the family up North" and then return home, having "married" and "divorced" but with child.



Dr. Charles Collins, Young Mothers' resident psychotherapist, thinks that many of the girls marry the fathers of their children but he really has no way of know-

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ing. Nobody has even evaluated objectively the outcomes. And yet, ordinary criteria may not apply here. Often people who seem to reject therapy and counseling may reveal evidence of it months and even years later. At least that is what Young Mothers believe. "We like to think that something has rubbed off on them even if we can't reach them all immediately. Put another way, who can measure the decibel of laughter of girls who haven't ever laughed or the millimeter of a smile?"

To critics, this is a case of black reformers' thrashing about aimlessly, just doing their bit as haphazardly as whites before them. The Negro sociologists Andrew and Amy Tate Billingsley have argued, for example, that getting at the basic causes, e.g., housing, schools, jobs, are more effective than "birth control clinics, or psychotherapy for mothers of illegitimate children."

Everyone at Young Mothers would theoretically agree. But it is essential to recognize that this simple humanitarian endeavor, as well as other programs, must be acted upon in the black community by blacks and for blacks. They must be allowed to make their own mistakes and achieve their own victories—in order to stand tall in their own eyes as well as in the eyes of others. The most pressing question of all is what the community does *now* for *these* girls?

Today they have two sessions, each lasting 22-23 weeks, with 100 students in each one. They study language arts and literature, math, social studies, secretarial skills, arts and crafts, sewing, knitting, etc. Their concerns are with the trials of each day: a new girl admitted, Board of Education pressure to absorb the program, demands that they get a certificate of occupancy to stay in business or find a new building. This is downstairs pressure. Upstairs, in the classrooms, black teachers follow the Board's curriculum and Collins writes out his diagnoses.

Myra: ". . . profoundly depressed because she sees no escape from the world in which she has been trapped all her life."

Clara: "It is impossible to conceive of anyone being more psychologically neurotic."

Francine: "Although there may be very little success in treating a child with such a history and family situation, we shall continue trying to accomplish the impossible."

In the end it leaves many of the girls a statistic. Young Mothers needs a well-baby nursery so that the girls who want to go back to school or to work may do so. They need a lying-in-hospital for girls thrown out of their homes. They must have improved techniques of evaluation. Youth-In-Action also had plans for a Young Fathers Project designed to build on pride of race and manhood, jobs and security, the two-parent family with men who have status, authority, and influence equal to other men outside the home and to their wives as well, but that never got started.

Mark them "A" for effort then and something less for achievement. They do help the lost children of Bedford-Stuyvesant who come in voluntarily and go through almost six months of school and orientation. The program has achieved commitment, solidarity and even fervor from many. A young staff member, a promising student at Kingsborough Community College, gave up her college education in order to devote her full-time effort working for Young Mothers. But if there are dramatic and immediate black answers to black problems, be they middle-class or otherwise, they have thus far eluded the project staff.

The paradox is that we have all become exhausted by race, at least for the moment. All but the victims, that is. Their strength is that they're on the firing line, every day. Youth in Action has no special way of getting there sooner, only they want to do it largely by themselves.

Collins was musing one day. "It all reminds me of the final scene in *Pather Panchali*, the Indian film a few seasons back. The family leaves its impoverished, hopeless village for New Delhi, hoping for a better life. And the film ends just there. We never know if they made it or were eaten by tigers on the way." He smiled. "That's the way it is here too."

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SR. AGNES MURPHY

NUN WITH YOUNG GIRLS IN AN ART GALLERY

"All things are kept in being by their yearning for their own beauty."—Pseudo-Dionysius.

Yearning for their own beauty
they glide past the Virgin
and Saints in their glory
to stop poised and stern
before the white nudes
of Modigliani.

Yearning dilates their eyes
darkly as they appraise
woodland moods of Corot.

Before Jan Vermeer's
Woman Reading A Letter
Yearning parts their young lips
distance slips through their eyes
spirit-still like a long
shadow in sun.

I watch, who have gazed
yearning, sternly as they
at the virgin and saints
in this high labyrinthine
mirror of art
with its multiple doorways.

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THE TEN BEST

THE SCREEN

It was by no means the best of movie years; but then neither was 1968 the worst. The year witnessed a lot of mediocrity on our screens and a lot of films that tried to be daring and merely looked silly with egg on their faces. Among the trends there was the increase of movies about homosexuals (a subject that will soon wear itself out unless it aims at more than sensationalism and shock) and a rise in the number of films using Negroes in lead roles (a situation long overdue, but in '68 going through an awkward transition; the best of the black-white pictures and most outspoken was "Uptight" but it still remains to be seen how this does at box-offices). In any case, the time has come for reviewers to select their ten bests, an annual custom that gives each reviewer a chance to be as arbitrary and personal as he likes, and readers an opportunity to see where their reviewer stands and what they might expect of him next year. Because of the last minute rush of releases in December, some choices listed below have not been reviewed yet but will be written up soon. So here, without further guff, is my Ten—*not* in order of preference.

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Rachel, Rachel. Perhaps the best little film of the year, in which Joanne Woodward's fine performance as a spinster schoolteacher in a small town has touches of humor, sadness and warmth. Paul Newman's sensitive direction of his star and the good supporting cast raises the whole scene out of the drab into the lively and vital.

Romeo and Juliet. Franco Zeffrelli's youthful title players miss the depth of Shakespeare's poetry, but they look oh-so-good in the roles; and so do his extraordinary cast throughout this beautifully costumed, set and photographed fifteenth-century version of the generation gap that comes out as strongly against war as it does in favor of love.

A Face of War. American producer-director-sometime photographer Eugene S. Jones and his staff spent three months with a platoon of the Seventh Marine Regiment in Vietnam and came up with this practically perfect documentary on the contrasts of war: the tedium, tensions, sudden death, births in a village, chaos, destruction and waste. In spite of its grim themes, the picture is not depressing; its superb photography shows war as it is, completely and unforgettably.

War and Peace. The wonder of this six-hour Russian spectacle is not only that it was made, but that it could be made so well. Quite faithful to Tolstoy's great novel, effectively directed by Sergei Bondarchuk, whose battle scenes have a magnificent sweep, this is picture-making on the grand scale and successfully manages to make peace more important than war. This is the best version ever made from this difficult novel—and may very likely be the last.

Hour of the Wolf. Another of Ingmar Bergman's nightmare films. While Bergman's dreams and mine don't coincide, his are so fascinating that I was spellbound by by this fantastic tale of a husband and wife, splendidly played by Max von Sydow and Liv Ullmann, whose wild experiences lead to the wife's taking on the husband's demons.

The Lion in Winter. The year's best comedy in which Katharine Hepburn and Peter O'Toole battle it out as Eleanor of Aquitaine and Henry II while trying to decide which of their three unworthy sons should inherit the crown. Not meant to be historically accurate, but definitely right in their characterizations, Hepburn and O'Toole handle the bright lines expertly, and are well assisted by the good cast under director Anthony Harvey.

Nazarin. Luis Bunuel's film, made 10 years ago in Mexico, finally turned up on our screens and became one of the most moving pictures of the year. In telling the story of this holy and humble priest who is misunderstood again and again, Bunuel is daring to ask us if Christ were to return to this earth today and followed his own teachings would he be accepted by society and the Church? Francisco Rabal gives a stirring portrait as the sometimes foolish but intensely sincere priest who troubles our consciences.

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2001: a Space Odyssey. By far the best science-fiction movie of our times, Stanley Kubrick's spectacular epic is not only an extraordinarily handsome picture, but also a haunting man-in-flight film full of surprises and mystery. Kubrick doesn't come up with all the answers but he makes us think about where we're going—and why. This movie is a gem of its kind.

The Sergeant. Perhaps this sensitive, well-made film will set the pattern for pictures concerned with homosexuality. Rod Steiger gives a magnificent performance as the sergeant who is attracted to a young soldier (John Phillip Law). Without shocking, the movie is touching and honest and enlarges our understanding of the subject.

Oliver! The year's best musical, expertly directed by Carol Reed, it brings us Dickens with music, beautiful sets, and a good cast in which Ron Moody excels as Fagin, Jack Wild makes the Artful Dodger properly artful and naughty, and Mark Lester is appealing as the youngster who says, "Please, Sir, I want some more." This successful movie could very well lead to more Dickens-into-musical-movies. How about "Great Expectations" and "Pickwick Papers"?

So stand the Ten. I could easily have added "Faces" and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter." How about adding your own items? PHILIP T. HARTUNG

GIVE ME THE OLD SOFT SHOE

THE STAGE

John White's *Veronica,* produced off-Broadway in 1965, was a short, funny play that used two pop-song writers to make the simple point that the old clichés of their trade (June-moon) were as valid and valuable as the fashionable anguish and befuddled commitment the world seemed to be demanding of them. His new play, *Bananas* (*At the Forum*) uses burlesque comedians to make the same point with much less success. There are two problems, one ideational, one practical. The play is a collection of one-liners ("He's a deserter" "You mean, he eats sweets?", packaged into three acts, each of which represents a popular genre (burlesque, the TV show, sophisticated comedy). The performers, beset by the world (war), their own self-doubt and a diabolic plot (the critic), never seem to get their shows on. What White presents is the total disintegration of popular forms, which seems to me to belie the end of the play, when the performers gather on stage and sing White's old sweet song, that a joke is after all only a joke.

Although it may seem a little odd to find a playwright saying, in effect, what Sabina says in *The Skin of Our Teeth,* "Oh—why can't we have plays like we used to have—*Peg o' My Heart,* and *Smilin' Thru,* and *The Bat,*" there is an anti-anguish streak in me broad enough to suspect that it can be said. The practical trouble with *Bananas* is that it is a bore. The five performers work hard, perhaps too hard—punch, punch, punch—and some of the lines are funny, but the total impact is leaden. The audience began to drift away during the first act and, although I stayed until the end and even found the play somewhat livelier as time went on, my blessing went with the deserters (do you mean, they eat sweets?). Ironically, Dustin Hoffman is much more successful with the vaudeville bits in *Jimmy Shine* (which I saw in early, very rough form in Philadelphia), but Murray Schisgal is using them to decorate a standard identity-crisis play, the kind of thing that *Bananas* is presumably attacking.

One of the most confused things in *Bananas* is its treatment of the critic. White wanted, as he says in the program, to say "something consequential . . . about critics and their inordinate influence on today's theater." Yet, he and the producers are caught in some kind of time lag. The critic, when he at last comes on stage, is obviously Eric Bentley—the Brecht haircut, the large glasses, the beard that Bentley sported a few years ago, even an occasional mannerism. There he stands, trying to force his idea of the theater onto the performers who so want to please him. Yet, Bentley and the young, middle-aged critics who followed him into the pages of the weeklies (Robert Brustein, John Simon, myself), joined by Walter Kerr in his new Sunday-only incarnation, have become the defenders of theater's old-fashioned virtues. We are not advocates of trivia and some of us are bound in by certain commitments (Bentley to the political theater, Brustein to some of the playwrights he has invited to Yale), but we share a suspicion of the new or at least of the theater that wears a lapel button shouting NEW and pretends that it is properly dressed. (I should add that we are not a "we" in any Podhoretz family sense; I know the other critics only to nod to and most of them would probably disown both my description and the company I ask them to keep.)

If *Bananas* were to embody a useful, up-to-the-minute critical point, its critic should have been made up like Clive Barnes and he should have come out of the audience to embrace the disintegration. The immediate problem is too easy acceptance, and it is likely to be the newspaper critics who join hands with the current crop of avant-gardists. I suggest Barnes simply because he is the best-known and most articulate of the "now" critics. His generally enthusiastic reception of *Morning, Noon and Night* is a case in point. There is really very little to get excited about in the three one-acters at the Henry Miller's. There is an attractive rock score by John Hall and good performances at the level of caricature and, in the case of John Heffernan, sometimes beyond that. The three plays neither add up to a whole (the "play of liberation" Israel Horovitz mentioned when the three playwrights were interviewed by the *New York Times* on

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Dec. 10) nor have many virtues of their own. Leonard Melfi's *Night* is a characteristically amorphous celebration of life, set in a cemetery and built of repetitive phrases dead enough to stay there. Terrence McNally's *Noon* is a "what-if" play: what if someone answered a number of sex ads and lured a disparate group to a loft where no one was prepared to indulge any of the others in his speciality. Compared to an old "what-if" chestnut like George S. Kaufman's *If Men Played Bridge as Women Do,* McNally's one-joke exercise is a burden. Horovitz's *Morning,* which he calls "A Black-Power-Comedy," is more ambitious than either of the other plays. A farcical parable in which a Negro family becomes white for a day, it suggests finally that color is more than skin deep. Compared to other Horovitz plays—*The Indian Wants the Bronx* and *Rats,* for instance—*Morning* is a flabby offering, self-indulgent in the way it sacrifices its own potential to obvious if occasionally funny racist games.

"The theater scene is always fashionable, one year musicals, the next, intense drama," Horovitz told the *Times* interviewer. "The ultimate luck is to write with integrity, and yet find you're in fashion." By way of warning, let me paraphrase Morton Thompson's description of columnists in *Joe, the Wounded Tennis Player*: a new Broadway dramatist is an off-off-Broadway playwright who thinks he has a lucky break and finds out it's a fracture.

GERALD WEALES

MALOFF/WRITERS & WRITING

IS THE ANTHOLOGY DEAD?

If this whale of a book were just another gross anthology, we could allow it to pass unmourned, and even unacknowledged, superfluous, as yet another attempt to do whatever it is literary anthologies purport to do: get on board the moving train; spot trends; define tendencies; classify a generation's achievement—that is, determine literary history; codify and sanction prevailing taste—or make taste (which is to say determine history) by opposing dominant with minority values in an effort to press their acceptance.

How We Live: Contemporary Life in Contemporary Fiction

EDIT. PENNEY CHAPIN HILLS AND L. RUST HILLS

Macmillan, $12.50

The milestone anthologies have on rare occasions done just that; for example, those which, a couple of generations ago, signalled the revolutionary turn in taste from the Romantics to the Metaphysical poets, or those which fixed the general canon of Modernism. But most anthologies—once the cultural wars have been won, usually by overkill, it being in the nature of revolution to slaughter rather than bloodlessly depose ancestors in order to assert rival claims—merely perpetuate the New long after the bloom has faded and it has become in its turn the current, moribund orthodoxy. And most anthologies —certainly at a time of the colossal burgeoning of college-mills when students (and teachers) read not books but snippets and "selections"—are summoned into existence by the maw of imperial market: conceived in the textbook departments of publishing cartels and jobbed out to academic factors for modest stipends (and—since we count college populations in the millions—the hope of tremendous royalties). One thick, square volume is distressingly like any other—a single volume in effect, with interchangable parts—*this* story by Mansfield or Mann or Lawrence or Joyce rather than *that.* Otherwise, only the publisher's imprint distinguishes one from another.

A few singular exceptions rise from the mire: the critical anthologies assembled by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren a generation ago, texts which far more than any others entrenched the tyranny of the New Criticism in the schools and rendered whole populations unfit for the reading of novels and poems while at the same time providing teachers of literature who should have been industrial personnel—managers with a list of approved works and machinery for dealing with them; and—for the rarest change—the recent anthology compiled by Lionel Trilling, which is distinguished by excellent and sensitive little critical essays.

If the editors of *How We Live* had contented themselves with assembling some of the best American short fiction written since World War II, we might have nodded amiably as it went by, or even gratefully to the extent that it contained some things we'd missed and were glad to have again. Or we might have amused ourselves by matching taste with them, swapping our favorites for theirs. In general, though, the collection is quite what one would have expected—most of the inevitable writers: Bellow, Malamud, Roth, Purdy, Flannery O'Connor, Powers, Singer, Nabokov, Barth—you name them; and many of the predictable stories. Everything is in order. Our biases are confirmed. The agreed history of the period, as we now see it, is compendiously packaged, subject to change without notice when the winds of taste shift. Some of the stories are no better than run-of-the-mill; and some are included not by reason of inherent excellence, but because they appear to fulfill the promise suggested in the catchy sub-title—and, consequently, mar and diminish the general quality of the volume as a whole. But this is caviling: many of the stories we expect to find are there, and there are even a few pleasant surprises. So far, so good.

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The editors, however, attempt much more; and come to grief. Their proclaimed aim is at least two-fold: to refute the tiresome arguments about the primacy of the modes of "non-fiction" (including the "non-fiction novel" and the "article as art") as superior means of comprehending social complexity; and—the other side of the coin—to assert in its face the primacy of art, of the imagination. There was, if you recall, a brief flutter of interest when the argument simmered slightly, mainly in response to the fatuities of Truman Capote when he was insistently claiming far more weight for his murder mystery than that frail book could possibly withstand; but interest soon died out, for the good and sufficient reason that the argument was a spurious one to begin with, posing false questions to a vainglorious end.

Still, and unless you are already convinced, the editors argue their case ineffectually, fighting fire with oil by countering sociological categories with some of their own: under the general heading "The Way We Live Now," we get the sub-divisions thereof, "In Families," "In Communities," "At Work"; and under "Differentiations and Confusions," we get "In Religion—Jewish Conflicts in Cultural Assimilation," "In Race—the Visible Negro," "In Class—Minute Distinctions in the Middle"—and so on. In short, the stories are grouped in dead, ponderous categories which assert both too much and too little, and misdirect the attention of the inexperienced reader from art to apologetics.

Moreover, the editors plead their cause in the very language they (properly) deplore, that of vulgar sociology; and they do so with a steady, plodding humorlessness that kills joy as it staggers belief. Worse, the language—and the thought and feeling underlying it—lumbers with all the vices and none of the virtues of sociology, substituting for idea and insight the code-words that have long since been emptied of vital meaning, leaving only stale jokes behind. Thus we are solemnly informed that the "central forces at work in contemporary American society—industrialization, urbanization, and bureaucratization—all tend toward standardization and depersonalization of our lives"; and that the "agents of these forces—mass production, mass marketing, mass communication, mass education, and so on—all lead us rapidly toward the evolving mass society." Add to all this, supererogatory critical annotation which obscures far more than it reveals, and confuses rather than makes distinctions, and you've got a fair idea of what awaits the already sore-beset reader, who in any case believes that literature at best is a kind of painless, gilded sociology which can aspire at its loftiest to the condition of going down easier.

The editors' second and related intention is to refute the most tedious of all symposium topics—the famous "death of the novel." Yet even here the editors miss whatever small opportunity there may be for useful inquiry by confusing the significance of the coroner's inquest which, when it is not merely frivolous, holds not that no good fiction is being written but that the *forms* of traditional narrative are outmoded, that they are no longer useful as modes of cognition (to Frenchify the French argument), as ways of perceiving and recording alternative realities. The argument may be finally unpersuasive, and few, if any, American writers are interested, in practice, in French theory; but it is at the very least worth talking about, if only to the end of discovering important differences in national temperament, or national cultures.

Having slipped the point, the editors belabor the *literal* reading of the mortician's pronouncement, which is wholly beside the point of anything, as no one who is serious takes it seriously. So they roll up the big guns to demolish a straw man. And what guns! In a grand coda reminiscent of the early days of the Republic when we were telling the British we damn well did possess a national literature worthy of the name, whatever the fancy chaps in the drawing-rooms might think, the editors recite a directory of several hundred names of "good and promising writers"—dropping one after the other, down the deep well, the names of the very good, the middling good, the ordinary and routine, the justly celebrated and the justly obscure, so that they all lie together at the bottom in a sodden mass; and to command the farce the editors then tell us, lest we still have some small reservations, that "America probably has more of them [i.e. "good or promising writers"] than any other land in any other time." So much for other lands, other times. Why is it, then, that beholding the directory, the heart instead of rising like a phoenix on the wings of nationalist pride, sinks like a stone in a bog?

SAUL MALOFF

(Former Books Editor at Newsweek, *Saul Maloff published a novel,* Happy Families, *in 1968. He begins a regular column for* Commonweal.)

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BOOKS

George Orwell: one of the most readable and provocative writers of the century

The Collected Essays, Journalism and Letters of George Orwell

EDIT. SONIA ORWELL AND IAN ANGUS

Harcourt, Brace & World, 4 Volumes $8.95 each

BRIAN WICKER

The first thing to say about these volumes even if it is too late to say it for 1968—is that they form the best bed-side reading I have come across for a long time, and would be the ideal Christmas present. The material is presented chronologically, thus giving the nearest thing we have to a literary biography of Orwell: but it is also perfect for "dipping into." Most of the items are short—a few pages at a time—and almost every piece has at least one important thought on a problem that still agitates the thinking person in 1968.

The longer essays, many of which are familiar from the various collections published in Orwell's lifetime, now appear in their proper places in the development of his thought, and it is fascinating to see how each of them grows from hints thrown out in letters, book reviews, running arguments in little-known magazines, etc. Thus the two editors, who have done an excellent job, not only provide the serious student of Orwell with an indispensable tool (one which had been awaited for a long time) but have given the general reader a magnificent opportunity for mulling over contemporary problems of every kind in the company of one of the most readable and provocative writers of the century.

The person who thinks of Orwell only as the author of *Animal Farm* and *Nineteen Eighty-Four* might suppose that he was a mere Communist-baiter; a crypto-McCarthyite even. I am sure he has been used as political ammunition by some Americans. But the first thing that strikes one from reading these volumes is the great range of his interests. Naturally, the political preoccupation stands out as the prevailing one: but also very strong is the feeling that this is only a temporary expedient, and that as soon as he had time, Orwell would have got away from all that and settled down to some serious creative literary work, or some serious gardening or fishing.

For Orwell, politics was a necessary evil, and it was the duty of any decent human being to do his bit to make it a little less evil than it would otherwise be: but all the same, the best of life went on outside politics—and if there were no respite from it, life would hardly be worth living.

Now it is a common habit among contemporary left-wingers (including, of course, left-wing Catholics of a theological turn of mind) to say that this just shows Orwell's "liberal" weakness. *Pace* Orwell, they insist, politics is not just a "parties and parliaments" game, but is the very stuff of social, and therefore human living. To define politics in a narrow way, so that most of the life that is worth having lies outside it, is itself a politically tendentious act. By cutting "politics" adrift from, say, "culture" or "private life" you are effectively making sure that the political game goes on being played according to the old familiar rules. That is, you are committing a *conservative* political act.

Now, I have personally no quarrel with that argument, and I don't think Orwell would have had either. What matters is what you do with it. If you simply leave it at that point, all you have done is tinker with the meaning of a word. The important thing is not to show that there is something theoretically conservative about the liberal definition of "politics," but that there is something actually wrong with the people who hold to that definition. And similarly, it is necessary not merely to have a better definition, but to show that better political thinking and better political behavior tend to follow from holding it.

This is not so easy as it is sometimes made to appear, and Orwell's constant insistence that Socialism can only be promoted by people who look facts in the face is a valuable corrective to an over-theoretical political position. For example, over and over again he insists on the fundamental political apathy and indeed hypocrisy of the English "masses." Failure to take this fact into account is disastrous.

Thus, part of the problem of the "Empire" was that most English people either could not or would not realize that the real proletariat, on the exploitation of which even the English working-class depended, consisted of the colored populations of India and Africa and the West Indies. If they were to be freed from exploitation, the English had to be made to face the fact that they might have to take a drop in their own standard of living. Would any government dare to admit this—say on the Indian independence issue?

Characteristically, Orwell was wrong in the short-term—the Labor government did give India independence sooner than he thought it would—but in the long term his assessment of the attitude of the ordinary Englishman was right. The current problems facing Britain in economics and in race-relations ultimately stem from the hypocrisy of encouraging the government to make generous noises without recognizing the obvious consequences of depending economically on the labor of an exploited population overseas.

The point is absolutely germane at this very moment: for, after an interval, the left is once more in danger of being objectively, if not subjectively, on the wrong side. Orwell's constant, and even tiresome nagging at the left-wing intelligentsia for actually helping the causes they ostensibly opposed, by their intolerance, their querulousness and

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their refusal to face facts, is once again apposite. There is no doubt that, for instance, left-wing students in Britain or America who refuse a hearing to, say, Enoch Powell or Ronald Reagan are playing into the hands of their own and all decent people's enemies. Not only do they destroy the chance of such people condemning themselves out of their own mouths and being publicly refuted by the facts but they actually encourage their own potential allies to go over to the other side. Every time a conservative politician is seen on television or in the newspapers having to leave the platform without being allowed to make his speech, he must gain thousands of supporters all over the country.

One of the most interesting running battles Orwell fought was with the pacifists. Very few pacifists were prepared to answer the question: should the Russians or the Jews have refused to fight Hitler? Those who said yes, Orwell could respect; but he thought they were wrong, because their stance objectively helped Hitler to get what he wanted.

By far the most interesting advocate of the absolute pacifist position was Gandhi, whose style of life Orwell felt no sympathy for but whose personal courage and sincerity, and lack of the normal politician's power-hunger impressed him. But pacifists who said no were simply dishonest—they were just sheltering behind the guns of people who were prepared to fight.

A more complex moral problem was that of the saturation bombing of Germany. Orwell did not condemn this—I think for two reasons. The first is that he thought the old just war discriminations were no longer valid (if they ever were) and that it was no greater a crime to kill women, or the very old than to kill young men in their prime.

The other was that he failed to apply the experience of the London blitz to the other side. This is one of the few occasions when, I think, he failed to see the opposite side's point of view. The diary he kept during the London blitz is one of the most interesting parts of the whole collection—especially to anyone, like myself, who lived through it. But what comes out of it is the way ordinary people coped successfully with it, and even became resigned to it. I am not clear why Orwell didn't see that just the same must have been happening in Hamburg and Berlin, and that in the end the main effect was to stiffen morale and the will to fight back.

Finally, Orwell had a running battle with the Catholics. He saw Catholicism through post-Christian spectacles, and from the outside. It was not the religious Catholicism of the Irish working-class (of which he knew almost nothing) but the aggressive Catholicism of the intellectual apologists—Chesterton, Arnold Lunn, Ronald Knox, Evelyn Waugh *et hoc genus*—which he felt it necessary to fight.

For Orwell, Catholicism of that sort was simply a mirror image of Stalinist communism—a party-line to which the individual had to sell his soul, in return for "salvation." One of the most interesting if futile speculations that occurs to anybody reading Orwell today is to ask what he would say about various contemporary events: and one of the most baffling to answer would be his attitude to Roman Catholicism in the post-Vatican II and post-*Humanae Vitae* age.

It is impossible to do more, in a review, than to give a few examples of Orwell's interests and relevance to the present time. Beyond that, one can only recommend this set of volumes as a fitting tribute to the memory of a writer whose life and work help to make some kind of sense out of a period of unprecedented disaster and confusion.

Men in Dark Times

HANNAH ARENDT

Harcourt, Brace & World, $5.95

THOMAS P. ANDERSON

If a group of eleven essays and reviews, written over the space of more than a decade, deserve to be brought together in a single volume, it must be because they are believed to have some lasting value which transcends the occasion for which they were originally composed. In the case of this collection of Hannah Arendt's writings the belief in their value is fully justified. They even have a unity of a sort, all being concerned with persons in the world of literature or philosophy, and all, with the exception of the initial essay on Lessing, being about persons who experienced the "dark times" of the 20th century. Further, although each essay concerns some figure in the world of letters, none of the essays is primarily about literature or philosophy; they are about the individuals who were artists or philosophers. Rather than criticizing their works, the author has taken upon herself the far more dangerous task of giving a critique of their lives.

There are ten lives discussed in this volume, two of the essays being concerned with Karl Jaspers. Even apart from Lessing, the various figures find themselves in strange company. There are John XXIII and Randall Jarrell, Bertolt Brecht and Walter Benjamin, Waldemar Gurian and Hermann Broch, and also two women who seem poles apart in their lives and works, Rosa Luxemburg and Baroness Karen Blixen (Isak Dinesen). Not all of these characters fare equally well in this psychosophy. The German literary critic Walter Benjamin seems able to do no wrong, while Bert Brecht is weighted, measured and found wanting, And Isak Dinesen is more or less condemned, not as the author of the immortal *Seven Gothic Tales* and *Out of Africa,* but as a foolish woman who tried to romanticize her own life so that it would resemble one of her fictions.

Self-romanticism appears as one of the cardinal crimes in Hannah Arendt's book, probably because it represents a kind of self-deception. Another sort of self-deception, which she considers equally as bad, is political in nature. It is on this count that Brecht is attacked. One can forgive a poet much, she admits, but one has to cease to absolve him when he surrenders even his poetry to a false god. Thus, it was permitted for Brecht to become a Communist, because some of his best work was written thereafter, but it was not permitted for him to go to live in East Germany after the Second World War

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because his poetic inspiration disintegrated under the pressures of living in a totalitarian state.

What Hannah Arendt admires in the other persons portrayed in this volume, is chiefly their ability to face reality, even terrible reality, with a calm gaze and to continue, quietly, with their own work, whether this work is being a poet, or reorganizing a Church. The most striking example, and the best study in the book, is that of Rosa Luxemburg, a person who seldom gets much more than a footnote in history, but who might have loomed as large as Trotsky or Lenin had she been luckier. Hannah Arendt discusses her, not as the political figure who was brutally murdered by the Free Corps in 1918 after the failure of the Spartacist uprising, but as a sensitive and intelligent woman who never failed to seek out and proclaim the truth as she saw it.

Such persons have the virtue which she describes as *humanitas*, the very height of humaneness. "*Humanitas* is never acquired in solitude and never by giving one's work to the public. It can only be achieved by one who has thrown his life and person in the 'venture into the public realm.' " In praising the German novelist Hermann Broch, she says in his defense that he did not question "the absolute, inviolable primacy of ethics, the primacy of action." This sort of man is the opposite of the self-deceiving aesthete. Indeed, Hannah Arendt claims that Broch classified among aestheticizing literary men "such arch-demons as Nero and Hitler."

It is easy enough to see why Hannah Arendt should have such a horror of self-deception. Her splendid *Origins of Totalitarianism* is, after all, concerned with such self-deception on a grand scale, as is her *Eichmann in Jerusalem*. In her demand for honesty in art and politics she seems to echo the ideas of George Orwell, although she is unfortunately unable to match his lucid prose either in English or, in some of the essays, in translation from the German. We find a refreshingly Orwellian pessimism in such statements as: "the humanity of the insulted and the injured has never yet survived the hour of liberation by so much as a minute."

But, although her judgments never ring false, they sometimes seem inhuman and unfeeling. Compassion, in the introduction, is treated almost as a vice, and misguided humanitarianism is seen as the cause of the disaster of our revolutionary movements of the last two centuries. She demands that we should be ready to behave like the ancient Stoics and give aid without feeling pity, that we should work for the advancement of all rather than to aid the downtrodden. I am afraid that Hannah Arendt demands too much of man when she demands that he become involved in life without letting his feelings take charge. The ideal man that she envisions, armed with Cicero in one hand and the *Federalist Papers* in the other, and looking on fame and degradation with equal impartiality, is in no danger of taking over the earth. We will have to settle for real persons, as passionate and willful as Isak Dinesen or Brecht.

Historical Consciousness

JOHN LUKACS

Harper & Row, $7.95

WILLIAM SCHECHNER

It is fitting that this book, under preparation for 12 years, should make its appearance at a time when it seems that a good portion of the world has painted itself into a corner. Possibly the darkness looks deeper from an American vantage point, but it appears that many systems have become socially destructive, esthetically dysfunctional, morally barren, and that events will probably continue to spiral in the same direction on a world wide scale. What to do? The answer lies as much within man as on the surface of his world (although wondering if there is not some better way to go about the whole business is no excuse for avoiding moral action); now a historian, John Lukacs, in a book which is extremely complicated and often confusing, points to developments in Western thought which he takes to indicate that the doors are not yet closed.

History is the mode of Lukacs' expression and his reason for hopefulness, through the development of historical consciousness, he tells us, the West may have unlocked the means which will permit future generations to move beyond the problems which weigh upon us and create a more viable future. His claim is supported by inquiries into the nature of historical knowledge and its relationship to memory and imagination, and new notions of truth opened by 20th-century discoveries in physics. Intermingled is a mystical faith in man's ability to control his own actions, which will probably make it difficult for many to go along with Lukacs to the end. And the trip is by no means a straight line, but like a country road winds through valleys and stops off at many intellectual hamlets.

Lukacs writes that Western thought is on the edge of a convulsion as profound as that which brought the Renaissance forth out of the Middle Ages. Essentially it is that science and scientism, the glorification of the objectification and determinability of truth, are being toppled; the people are edgy about the idea of progress (it is too much the Frankenstein), and the scientists have made discoveries which indicate that objective truth cannot be known. Epistemological categories which seemed to have been closed are now reopening. Specifically Lukacs points out that the job of the historian is reconstructing the past, work that involves a re-cognition of events. This is impossible without the use of memory (either that of the scholar, his sources, or both) which itself alters the events, and imagination (for one cannot make sense of something totally strange) which will control the end product, to some extent, through the structure of what is imagined. Therefore the mind, by necessity, enters the picture, and the future (one's imaginative product) affects the past, while at the same time the past (one's recognition of events) exerts through the faculty of memory a pressure upon the process of imagination which in turn can affect the shape of the future. It is not cause and effect, but ascending spiral, or the splashing of water from one tank to another.

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But what about objective reality? Lukacs uses science itself to deal with this scientific notion, which he says is as illusory in that realm as it is in human affairs. Discoveries in quantum physics show that it is impossible to determine the velocity or mass of an elementary particle without affecting that which is being measured. This in turn indicates that the particle exists—to our senses—as a tendency for being, but not a certainty. And so cause and effect, and probability too (for this kind of not knowing is different from not knowing which number will come up on a pair of dice) are not mathematical propositions based upon the amount of information available. This similarity of discovery—a correspondence Lukacs calls it—in science and the humanities is of great importance: it means that there is no philosophical problem in saying that the fact, the basic particle of history is imprecise; for so it is with information about elementary particles, the basic matter of physics. Therefore a crucial assumption of Western thought must be revised. In historical terms this makes man, as he lives at a given point in time, and through the agency of his remembrance of the past, the key agent of the creation of his future. To Lukacs this means that a central place in history—both its telling and its happening—is occupied by human consciousness, especially historical consciousness (which he defines as the remembered past).

It is an argument for the special importance of ideas as actual factors in the creation of history, not as an extra arena labeled intellectual history. In this respect it bears similarities to the discussions of reality in the work of Luigi Pirandello (who titled one of his plays "It Is So, If You Think It's So") as characters assume roles which first become their own reality insofar as others perceive it, and eventually as they perceive it themselves. It also raises the issue of human accountability for human actions, which is to say the question of the morality of history. Lukacs expresses a deep conviction that man's decisions are truly his own; perhaps, but to what extent? It is difficult to

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generalize about the degree to which men at centers of power, dealing with groups of individuals and themselves representing other groups, can exert their will; nor is the question of the extent to which self-knowledge can aid in the making of free choices as settled for many others as it is for Lukacs. Statements along these lines often become more religious than national, and the circularity of the ensuing argument can usually be broken only when one party makes the leap into the other's camp. Still, character and information *are* important elements of leadership, and a sense of the past which emphasizes the humane aspects of a tradition will no doubt impel a person away from certain actions, if not towards others.

A darker side of Lukacs' thought is a tendency towards elitism. His emphasis upon the individual instead of the general, upon the ideological instead of the material aspects of history focuses attention upon the verbal, sensitive, educated minorities. He writes that ". . . the motive factors in the history of the world even now ought not to be sought in economic developments as much as within nations, and ultimately within the minds and hearts of persons in the midst of nations." Given the shoddiness of much of the historical material available today (Lukacs devotes a section to "precooked" news, sloppily formulated opinion polls, etc.) this is an enormously difficult task and we have few clues as to how Lukacs would have a historian go about it. But his position values opinions quite heavily, and focuses disproportionately upon the decision maker to the disadvantage of those upon whom decisions work.

Similarly, Lukacs post-scientism (as he calls it) seems almost anti-scientific and it makes one wonder how far the scales ought to be tipped. Certainly we can cheer a writer who says he wants to put man back in the center of things, surrounded as we are by the mess that American civilization is making of its ecology—a development which has direct effects on our state of mind and our values, as well as reflecting them. Changing our concept of man in relation to the universe would certainly change our lives; but at the same time it is important not to forget that a certain amount of scientific thinking is necessary to establish priorities, and too much stress on other scales might end up as an emphasis on the esthetic which only the well-to-do could afford. To come at it another way, it is important that the mystique of Science and Progress not be replaced with an anti-mystique of Inner Direction. Resolving the conflict between the elite and the people which centers around questions such as these is a central problem of democracy in a mass age, and in a very real sense—if we accept Lukacs' arguments at all—a problem of democratic history.

This is why historical balance, so difficult to achieve, is crucial. Great history must both maintain the sweep of its narrative and keep sight of the human repercussions of what is going on, a job so troublesome and requiring such poise that many scholars find it impossible. History that is incisive, broad in scope, yet deep in its ability to delineate the genuinely significant factors in human experience in a particular society is seldom written, because few men have the capacity to maintain a point of view through the mountain of fact that must be climbed. As a result the profession compensates (and this is not meant as a criticism) by putting forth great numbers of monographs. It is unfortunate that Lukacs takes a dim view of these works in terms of their conception (undeniably many *are* dismally executed) for this is where the impact of his position could be deeply felt. Even limited studies grow out of ideas that demand breadth of thought, and since historians (as he points out) often do indeed find that they are looking for, the key to revisionism lies largely at this level—as a substantial amount of contemporary critical historical writing indicates.

Lukacs' main strength is in raising the issue of the historians responsibility not only as a guardian of the past, but as a keeper of the future. Even if his conclusions about the state of research in physics seem premature, and his notion of the end of the so-called Modern Age strikes a too conclusive note, his writing about the involvement of past-present-future in each other's construction should be considered seriously, as should the moral issues he raises. They are crucial matters to anyone who expects to look critically at the past.

Herod and Mariamne

PÄR LAGERKVIST

Alfred A. Knopf, $4.95

WINSTON WEATHERS

Pär Lagerkvist's most recent novel is another of this Swedish author's religious-psychological parables: man encounters a transforming spiritual grace that he desperately desires but that he cannot comprehend.

Using as his vehicle the historical Edomite king of the Jews, Lagerkvist tells, ostensibly, the story of Herod's "love affair" with a young Maccabean girl by the name of Mariamne and of Herod's violent resolution of that love as the demands of his own nature lead him eventually to distrust and suspicion. For Lagerkvist, the tyrant Herod is an "emblem of mankind," secular man, desolate and hollow, taking his pleasures in "violence, blood and battle." He has a desperate need for glory; and like all men immersed in secularism, he is "much afraid of death." More than anything else, he is "absorbed in himself, in his greatness, his superhumanity."

In contrast, Mariamne is the personification of spiritual grace. She is divine-natured, having all the characteristics of the traditional white goddess. She has a charismatic quality about her: "No sooner did she appear in the streets than . . . love flowed towards her" from a humanity that believes her "capable of any marvel" and petitions her to act as its intercessor with the oppressive Herod and to offer herself as its sacrifice.

By chance, Herod encounters Mariamne at the Damascus Gate and experiences a genuine epiphany: "that moment was like no other moment in his life," a moment containing a revelation "of something utterly unlike himself." And later, when Mariamne appears at Herod's palace to intercede for her people, Herod is eager for her ministrations.

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For awhile, but not quite completely, Herod responds to her presence by acceding to her requests—he releases certain prisoners from his dungeons, he becomes a more gentle man. He lets himself be partially transformed, and finally seeks to marry Mariamne, thinking that he can possess what he has envisioned.

Mariamne does marry Herod—spiritual grace, refusing no man, sacrifices herself into the carnate existence of Herod's life. But the marriage between Herod and Mariamne is a tragic paradox—so far as Lagerkvist is concerned. Lagerkvist sees secularism and spiritual grace as unlikely partners, and his novel explores Herod's enigmatic responses to Mariamne: Herod rises to moments of magnanimity then sinks back to the dungeons of his own desolation; he rises and falls, torn between desire for grace and commitment to a secular nature.

Nor does Mariamne ever really feel at home in Herod's palace. There are places within it where she never goes. She cannot enter into dialogue with Herod: "They did not confide in each other," and a silence deepens around the two of them. Even when Herod falls at her feet, groaning, sweating, silently pleading "forgiveness for his wickedness, for being what he was," Mariamne can only assuage to a limited degree his guilt and sufferings. He cannot have and she cannot give—in the final scheme of things.

According to Lagerkvist, Herod, emblematic man, is unchangeably programmed for secular existence. Though Herod may envision for awhile some surcease from his secularism through spiritual grace, actually he is forever rooted in the "slimy bed" of his own being and has no "link with the divine." Man is, in the final instance, a wilderness unto himself, and when he realizes his own limitations he reverts to an inevitable savagery and orders the murder of the glorious "possibility": Mariamne is destroyed.

Not that Lagerkvist questions the reality of that which Mariamne represents. Lagerkvist himself would seem to believe in the divine. But he believes the divine is an eternal mystery. Man may glimpse and sense it, but will at last kill whatever part of it he has been able to grasp. Man always returns to sickness and emptiness. "Then the old ways returned and he was himself again."

At the novel's end, Lagerkvist reminds the reader once more that Herod is representative of a mankind "that replenishes the earth but whose race shall one day be erased from it, and . . . will leave no memorial." *Herod and Mariamne* is a bitter novel, a brief, brilliant, haunting work. Yet its bitterness may be a challenge: its chilling "no" may stimulate the "yes" of faith.

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REVIEWERS

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CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 457)

emotionally to the lines of uniformed ranks, the "Naming of Parts," and the visible evidences of authority wherever they appear, on campus or off. In brief, what he finds "obnoxious and incompatible" is the "unwarranted intrusion of a military presence" in society as a whole, and his objection to this "intrusion" into the academic community is really a small part of a larger passion of his. For example, he illustrates his objection to the ROTC program with a highly-charged reference to a TV newscast he once saw about a visit to a reserve training camp. One would wish that he had examined the program *itself* at perhaps a closer distance before writing his article on the subject. I think that his ranging the principles of Vatican II against Air Force ROTC and the Church Militant is further evidence of a lack of homework. His approach to the entire subject, indeed, gives the impression of having more smoke than substance to it.

It is not my purpose here to defend the inclusion of military studies in the curriculum of La Salle or of Catholic colleges. As a matter of fact, the subject is under serious study here by a group of reasonable and responsible men, who represent the whole spectrum of views in the matter. I must take exception, however, to what I can only call his misrepresentation of the situation at La Salle. And I think I speak for a vast majority of the academic community when I deplore the intrusion of a very thinly-veiled threat of violence into deliberations of such import. While it is recognized that Mr. Zahn is concerned, one must caution him to pause and consider that in the voicing of such threats he is doing serious damage himself to the students whose minds he forms, the academic world which is his home, and ultimately to the cause of peace itself.

(BROTHER) DANIEL BERNIAN, F.S.C.
President
La Salle College

Reply

Bro. Daniel Bernian's letter finds too much between the lines of my article on ROTC. Nowhere did I suggest that La Salle has had, or is likely to have, "violent or disruptive" demonstrations. But there have been organized protests there, the latest a couple of weeks ago. I thought, too, that I had made it clear that, although I see no objection in principle (i.e., the "sanctity of property" argument one hears so often these days) to some of the more extreme acts that have taken place elsewhere, I do not endorse and certainly do not encourage such acts. That they will increase unless a more receptive ear is turned to the legitimate and peaceful protests I have no doubt; but to interpret this as "encouragement" has as little logical validity as the charge that those who predict racial injustice are guilty of fomenting ghetto riots.

More disappointing, however, is Bro. Daniel's failure to address himself to the substantive issues I raised. Is it not true that military training, ROTC included, aims more at indoctrination and conditioning than at education in the liberal tradition? If so, it is alien to the Newman "idea of the university" we celebrate so regularly. Does not this indoctrination and conditioning constitute preparation to commit or at least accept acts which are clearly criticized if not actually condemned in the traditional teachings most recently repeated by Vatican II (and my quote from the Air Force manual is particularly relevant here)? If so, it would seem to have no place in the program of a Catholic university—and certainly there is no justification at all for making it *compulsory*, in effect requiring the student to become part of a system which could be viewed as at least a potential occasion of sin.

The character analysis drawn from my article was amusing though, I fear, incorrect. I seldom find myself losing my emotional "cool" when faced with "the visible evidences of authority, whether they appear on campus or off"; some of my best friends have been in the uniformed ranks; and I can't recall ever giving even a passing serious thought to the "Naming of Parts."

GORDON C. ZAHN

Meanwhile, Back at Loyola

Orosi, Calif.

To the Editors: As a certificated conscientious objector who endured two years of compulsory Air Force ROTC at Loyola University of Los Angeles, I am pleased to be able to report that the University dropped the AFROTC requirement in the spring of 1966.

Since that time, there have been several protests (involving up to 10 percent of the student body) against activities of the voluntary AFROTC Program. But Loyola continues to have one of the largest Air Force programs in the nation, and the administration regards AFROTC as an "integral part of the University."

For a considerable number of my acquaintances, exposure to the mindless violence of the military was a catalyst, prompting their decision to apply for C.O. status. But for many other adolescents, the military spectacle is enticing, especially when presented under the auspices of the Church.

According to a 1960 survey by Russell Kirk's Educational Reviewer, Inc., Catholic university students tend to be the most rigidly anti-communist and most willing to risk nuclear war of any

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in the nation. Considering the papal and episcopal statements made since that time, one would expect Catholic colleges and universities to attempt changing student attitudes on this subject . . .

GEORGE SHERIDAN

Savagery vs. Violence

Detroit

To the Editors: I found John Lukacs' article on America, Savagery and Violence [Nov. 15] to be one of the most stimulating I have read on the subject. Yet I also found it to be very vague in two critical areas: the relationship between savagery and civilization and the relationship between Europe and America.

I believe it is true, as Lukacs states, that civilization makes the difference between savagery and violence. But he has reversed the order. It is, in fact, "the inescapable consequence of civilization" to turn the violence of the primitive into the savagery of Western civilization, which has made contempt for life and violence for the sake of violence (sadism) culturally acceptable.

Lukacs' description of the American automobile civilization, for example, strongly resembles Dostoevskys' equally disturbing analysis of the European railroad civilization in its condemnation of the dehumanizing effect of unbridled technology. Kafka's *Metamorphosis* and a host of others could also be referred to.

It is not some esoteric and darkly primitive "Indian substance" that is to be blamed for American savagery. Savagery is a white man's disease. The origins of savagery in the New World are to be found in the deification of civilization itself which white settlers brought with them from Europe. The contempt for man of the Chicago cops can be paralleled in history only by the contempt for man of the European nations who carved up the world in their arrogant desire to "civilize" the rest of mankind. The roots of white racism in America are to be found in the works of Kipling and Wagner.

Nietzsche discovered the power of the dark, Dionysiac passions in man long before Lukacs or Lawrence. But he refused to fall into the superficialities of the dichotomy between a "primitive" subconscious and a "civilized" superego. The blame for human inhumanity (if one is all that eager to cast the first stone) must be posited on the shoulders of Western Technophilia. Ashley Montagu tells it like it is in *The Human Revolution*:

"The fact is that as man has advanced in civilization he has become increasingly, not less, violent and warlike. The violences that have been attributed to his original nature have, in fact, been acquired predominantly within the relatively recent period of man's cultural evolution. In our own time most of us have grown so accustomed to the life of each for himself that it is difficult for us to understand that for the greater part of man's history every man of necessity lived a life of involvement in the welfare of his fellows."

Hence Lukacs' inability to grant humanity to primitive Indians reveals his own philosophical savagery. He has equated "primitive" with "savage" and swallowed uncritically the entire 19th-century doctrine of scientific evolutionism. Lukacs is, as he admits, a European, which is the only explanation I can find for his savage contempt for non-Europeans and his romanticized contempt for the Indians.

What disturbs Europeans most about America is that America is the mirror of Europe, revealing to them harsh truths about themselves that they would rather not see. America, like a carnival mirror, distorts and caricaturizes the European physiognomy. It expands European traits to their logical concluclusions. By stretching out the compact European experience across an entire continent, America becomes the perfect stage on which to play out in dramatic, heroic style the failures of Western civilization. The compactness of European savagery produced Hitler, Mussolini and Stalin, butchers whose machine-like efficiency make Attila seem like a pacifist and the Indian a Christian martyr. The expansiveness of the American continent "crude-ifies" this savagery into Wasp racism. (Even the term Wasp itself reveals the European origin of racism.)

Americans are indeed a passive people. The blind, womb-seeking passion for Law and Order evinced in the last election proves this. But the voices of protest over the murky issue of Vietnam are legion compared to the silent acquiescence which allowed Hitler to swallow Europe.

But I have no intention here of defending America *vis à vis* Europe. The two share the same basic flaws. My purpose has been to attack Western, white

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attempt to shift the blame to the Indian is a racist rationalization possible only in a culture founded on the notion that all men are equal—as long as they are white. EUGENE FISHER

Reply

Professor Fisher's letter raises enormous questions, involving ultimately my personal beliefs, that I cannot answer or even refute briefly. But since he is disconcerted of what I wrote about America and Europe let me illustrate very briefly what I mean, from personal experiences during the last World War. I saw Nazis as they organized with cold and ruthless efficiency the physical extermination of certain people in the name of self-defense: for there is no question that many of these German Nazis sincerely believed that they were acting for European civilization, and for Germany. Less than a year later I saw Mongolian soldiers of the Russian army as they violated aged women, robbed their own kith and kin, and killed people for no purpose whatsoever. The Germans would empty a house of its valuable contents which then they would most efficiently package and ship to their own country: the house would remain, an empty husk. The Russians would wreck or burn the house out of mere vandalism. The first kind of outrage I call organized violence, the second, senseless savagery. European civilization has been threatened (and between 1939 and 1941 it was almost destroyed) *internally* by the first rather than by the second, and only *externally* by the second. I believe that American civilization is threatened *internally* by the second rather than by the first kind. JOHN LUKACS

The following letter was received too late to be included in Professor Lukacs' reply.

Philadelphia

To the Editors: John Lukacs' article is a paradigm of that which it attempts to correct, a problem poorly stated. If stating problems poorly is an American characteristic then America's influence extends far beyond the usual territorial

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limit; it extends also to the author, admittedly European. For this article is another of the many persuasively written but poorly stated problems in the tangle of unnecessary and unwanted literature.

If what Lukacs offers us is a new method for accepting propositions then I have no quarrel. But if he wishes us to accept his insight without question then I take exception. For insights are a dime a dozen. Some good; some not so good. Derived conclusions, on the other hand, are often hard to come by. So it is that the author is rigidly consistent in his choice of rhetoric instead of dialectics to highlight his position. For in order to derive a conclusion one must take the dialectical path; however, dialectics is of little use to establish one's insight. Dialectics would produce something other than his prior insight, and so he accommodates language to bring out this insight.

He who publicly engages in semantic analysis should follow some canons other than those of his own invention. Lukacs seems bound by no such conventions. It is for this reason that I, though impressed, can agree with neither his insight nor the rhetoric he offers as reason for it.

This problem is poorly stated because its author does not infer "Americans are '*very* fundamentally passive' " from the alternation of violence and pacifism. He arrives at passivism as the result of a discussion on imagination and memory; whereas, the true inference from this opposition is "Americans are passive." Lukacs arrives at the latter, "a sad and important point" as if it were an aside because this inference does not agree with his chosen position, savagery. Because he takes the semantically stronger, pacifism, to be *the* alternative to violence and because he does not derive the inference concerning passivity from his chosen alternation, he considers the relation between the alternatives to be stronger than it actually is.

His position is not simply another problem poorly stated; it is also misleading in virtue of its persuasiveness. Instead of essence he employs epigram; for analogy he uses aphorism. It seems that he does not trust this land unless the flow of learning be as unidirectional as the flow of abundance. This land he did not make and he is powerless to unmake it. So he constructed a straw man (most adults abhor paper dolls) only to set it afire.

The article is more fatalistic than the fatalism attacked. With Lukacs as foil, Martin Luther appears to be an optimist. For even though Luther was pessimistic about man, he was optimistic about man's capacity for transcendence through belief. Lukacs thinks that "war, conflict, are part and parcel of human nature." Is man in no way altered by Christ?

How much time must pass before it is realized that America is not standing watch at the pier anxiously awaiting the rationalistic pronouncements from Europe? When will we become actively aware that in America there is hope. In Europe there is barely a remembrance of the beginning of the most savage act in history. Only in the newly restored synagogues was there some commemoration of the recent *Kristallnacht*. Such a supreme act of savagery is hardly intelligible to Americans. Such a supreme act of savagery Europe does not care to remember, nevertheless some Americans consider it part of our remembered past, and yet we are the savages.

THOMAS J. KEARNS

Sorry

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: I must call your attention to an unfortunate error. One short passage in my review of *The Non-Violent Cross* [Dec. 13] read: "Such a revolution does not originate among the powerful. It originates among the weak and the suffering."

This was printed erroneously as follows: "Such a revolution does not originate among the weak and the suffering."

As you can see, the garbled passage carries exactly the opposite meaning from my original text. Also, it makes the paragraph nonsensical.

Oh, well, I guess accidents do occur in the best of families.

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Division and a nation coming apart seem increasingly to typify the American experiment.

The future does not look promising. Vietnam has and continues to represent a lack of restraint, enlightened political judgement and any significant concern for international law. As members of the religious community we cannot allow our consciences to become dulled, nor our voices muted, by the drumbeat of American militarism. We have only to understand the implication of the following to frighten ourselves into a psychic Armageddon.

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